

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXV.—No. 635.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6th, 1909.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6ID.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



RITA MARTIN.

MISS EDEN.

71, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Miss Eden	325, 326
An Object-lesson in Small Holdings	326
Country Notes	327
The Country-side in February. (Illustrated)	329
The Raven and His Home. (Illustrated)	332
Tales of Country Life: Mrs. Green—VI.: "Brassie"	335
In the Garden. (Illustrated)	336
Polons Jack. (Illustrated)	339
London Legends	340
Country Home: Daneway House. (Illustrated)	342
The Lesser Country Houses of To-day: I.—A House at Sapperton Designed by Mr. Ernest Gimson. (Illustrated)	348
Literature	354
"The Keel Woman"	356
On the Green. (Illustrated)	356
Correspondence	358

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All Advertisements must be prepaid.

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN SMALL HOLDINGS.

SO much has been said and written about the great advantage to the State of creating small holdings and placing men upon the land, that a case which has recently occurred deserves to be carefully considered, as it shows that even when all the circumstances concur for making a small holding a success, it does not follow as a matter of course that success is assured, unless a proper start is made. The Worcestershire small holdings at Catshill have been praised as showing what a county council can do even under the 1892 Act. Mr. Jesse Collings in his book holds them up as a model for other county councils; but even here there is another side. One of the small holders unfortunately became bankrupt, and when his case came before the Registrar that official said: "He ought never to have been allowed to start, and ought to have kept to his business as a nail-maker." Such conflicting opinions require the facts to be stated, so that those interested in the question may judge for themselves. At Catshill there used to be a large nail-making trade carried on in the houses, but the manufacture of nails by machinery caused the hand-made nails to die out. So the Catshill men could only get one or two days' work a week. They had nothing to do with their spare time. The Small Holdings Act had just been passed and the land was suitable for market gardening. A good market, Birmingham, was within easy distance, and the county council determined to try what small holdings would do to relieve the distress. A farm was bought at a very reasonable price, and paid for out of income so that there was no need of going to the Board of Agriculture or the Local Government Board. The county council could do as they thought best to help the men and could give time to pay if there was a bad year or any other cause, such as sickness, requiring any special treatment. E. B., a nailer, but who had had a garden and knew how to cultivate it, applied for a holding; he had no capital, but was strong, able to work and of good character. His age was twenty-four, he had a wife and family and, except for the fact that he had no capital, he was an ideal small holder.

In February, 1896, he bought from the county council a small holding of 3½ acres. The purchase-money was £132 14s. 10d. He should have paid £26 10s. 11d. at once, but the council, as

they had full control of the matter, for the reasons given, allowed him time to pay the sum, and he cleared it off gradually. The rest of his payments were fixed at half-yearly instalments of £2 13s. 5d., extending over forty years from the date when he took the land. He had no capital and had to borrow to get money for trees and plants, but as his crops were good he was able to meet his rent and pay off the deposit by instalments. After five years, in 1901, he considered he was able to build a house, and applied to the council for a loan for this. They advanced him £236 3s. 8d., repayable by half-yearly instalments of £6 6s. over thirty-five years, that period being fixed so that the purchase-money for the land and house should terminate on the same day. The matter, so far as the council were concerned, stood then, a house and 3½ acres of land at a rent of £17 18s. 10d. The bankrupt took an additional six acres of land near his small holding at a rent in excess of what he paid to the county council for instalments of purchase for the land. He has had twelve years' possession of the county council land, and if the theory that a steady, hard-working man can live on a small holding is sound, this is a case where such a man should live and thrive. Yet, what is the result? He is a bankrupt, and his deficiency account shows a sum of £199 9s. 3d., although he admits his net profit for the last twelve months was £150. His reasons for failure are given as "want of capital, necessitating borrowing from money-lenders at heavy rates of interest, bad strawberry seasons and expenses of a large family."

It is somewhat mortifying to find such a small holder's career end so badly. Twelve years' work—real hard work—at the best time of a man's life, instead of enabling him to put by money, only lands him in a loss of a little less than £20 a year. There is not a county council which would not have said that the man was a most eligible small holder, except for the fact that he had no money; but most of the applicants have no money, and if county councils do not give the small holdings applicants at once complain to the Board of Agriculture, who proceed to "ginger" the county councils. Yet, with this case before them, are county councils justified in giving small holdings to eligible men without capital? It would be interesting to know of the number of small holders created under the 1907 Act, what proportion were in possession of capital when they took the small holdings. And if there should be any who were not, then this case gives rise to very uncomfortable feelings as to the position of small holders a few years hence.

It may be said that having to pay the deposit of £26 10s. 11d. on his purchase caused the man's failure; but that is not so, as the county council were able to take the sum by instalments, and it merely came to this, that for the first two or three years he paid a heavy rent. If he had rented the land he would have been in the same or a worse position, as he might have had to pay down £20 for tenant right. The case is one that might have happened just as well under letting as purchase. It may be said he was foolish in getting a house, but that is one of the things small holders nearly always want, and here it was given on very easy terms, a longer period being granted than the Local Government Board will allow for repayment in the case of purchase and more than twice as long as they will allow in the case of lease. It may be further urged that he ought not to have taken the extra land; but all advocates of small holdings say the small holder from time to time should increase his holding. The conclusion, however much we may try to get away from it, is one that cannot be evaded—that a small holder, unless he has capital at starting, cannot succeed. It may also be true that he cannot live on the profit of his holding unless he has something else to help him out. This raises the question, which to us seems the most important one in connection with small holdings, How are the small holders to be started so that they may have a chance of success? This case shows that if they have to borrow from the money-lender they have no chance. The Board of Agriculture have forced on this question by compelling the provision of small holdings in each county. Unless they are prepared to face the greatest amount of failure and distress that has occurred for years, they must take steps to supply the funds to enable the men they have placed on the land to live and thrive. How they are to do this is not for us to say.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Eden. Miss Eden is the daughter of Sir William and Lady Eden, and her engagement to Lord Brooke, the eldest son of the Earl of Warwick, has recently been announced.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



THE pride of the poor has seldom been more vividly illustrated than in the cases brought forward by Mr. Lloyd-George to show the working of the Old Age Pensions Act. Beyond any doubt or cavil this measure was hurried through the House of Commons before it had received the consideration due to it, and the consequence is that many dishonest persons have been able to take an unlawful advantage of its enactment. While saying that, however, it must at the same time be admitted that it has relieved many a necessitous case. Take the old woman, for instance, whose position was described by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. She told her neighbours that she was earning 7s. 6d. a week, whereas her real income was not more than 6s. 6d. a week. Out of that 3s. 6d. had to go in rent, so that she was reduced to living on 3s. a week, which meant in actual practice that her food consisted of bread and tea supplemented by a few cheap scraps of meat obtained from the butcher late on Saturday night. Yet she had—and this was a very characteristic touch—£11 in the Savings Bank, which she refused to draw lest there should be nothing left to bury her. The pride of the poor revolts more against a pauper's funeral than almost anything else. Mr. Lloyd George mentioned several other cases in which old people kept the spark of life alive on a couple of shillings a week, and had to supplement it in time of dire necessity by selling the clothes and furniture that they had acquired in better times. This is, of course, the side of life which reconciles us in part to the Old Age Pensions Act. If the money could be devoted entirely to the relief of the proud and independent but very necessitous poor not one of us would begrudge the share we have to contribute.

Some excellent advice to dairy-farmers was given at a meeting of the Farmers' Club at the Whitehall Rooms on Monday afternoon by Mr. Everard, who manages the extensive herd belonging to Lord Rayleigh at Terling in Essex. It is an establishment at which economy has been most scientifically studied, and the animals in the herd are non-pedigree shorthorns with Dutch cows and their crosses. Mr. Everard strongly recommended the Dutch and shorthorn cross, which indeed recommends itself to many a dairy-farmer on account of its deep milking qualities; but he confessed that he had some difficulty in keeping the morning level up to the very moderate standard set by the Board of Agriculture, and those who desire to have quality in milk will hesitate before adopting his advice. Certainly, the cost as given by him of artificial food—£6 per cow per annum—is very low indeed. The moral of his speech, however, lay rather in the principle than in the application. It is open to anyone to keep the cows he fancies most; but whatever breed they may be, the example set by Lord Rayleigh's establishment in regard to their management deserves to be followed. Unless the farmer systematically weighs and measures the produce of each cow and keeps a careful milking record, unless he also takes careful note day by day what quantities of food is given them and the cost thereof, he must inevitably work in the dark, producing an article of which he does not know the cost price. Bookkeeping to the present-day farmer is as essential as it is to the merchant or shopkeeper.

Farmers at the present moment are suffering to a very considerable degree from a drop in the price of mutton. Sheep, as has frequently been said, are the sheet-anchor of British agriculture, and when prices are low the look-out for farming generally can never be good. The feature of the present moment, however, is that although sheep are realising from 2s. to 2s. 6d. a stone less than they did twelve months ago, no difference whatever as far as we know has been made in the retail price of mutton. If the butcher were properly compensated when sheep were higher, it is evident that just now he must be making a profit that is little short of iniquitous. This fact

should be kept in mind when an argument is advanced in favour of farmers giving the butchers a warranty. The retort is obvious, that out of the profits they make they are very well able to stand the loss entailed by the discovery of disease in an occasional animal, and do indeed calculate on that risk before fixing the price.

At the Sheffield meeting of the Smoke Abatement Exhibition Sir Oliver Lodge made one of his most characteristic speeches, and in this connection it is not quite easy to define the word characteristic. The recipe for making an Oliver Lodge speech would include a brain at once meditative and suggestive, a great deal of ideality, a touch of the whimsical, a flower or two from dream-land. It is out of minds such as this that ideas come which the more mechanical and practical part of mankind can afterwards apply. Sir Oliver Lodge's picture of the future is one in which the house will be warmed by gas only and lighted by electricity. He recognises that the open fire has not only a comfortable feeling which a stove does not possess, but a great usefulness in drawing the cold air out of the passages and promoting the ventilation of the room. He would, therefore, in his zeal to abate the nuisance of smoke, combine the comfort of the open fire with the cleanliness of the stove, and one can easily see that in his mind's eye is a room far more beautiful and far more hygienic than that of to-day, while the open-air places, freed from the contamination of soot and smoke, would recover some of that beauty which is to be found now only where nobody lives.

THE HORSESHOE.

I found a horseshoe high on the moor,
Old and rusty and round.
It hung on a wall where the country boor
Had picked it up from the ground.
And I carried it up, and I carried it down,
Over the hills to Bolton town,
Over the hills where the heath is brown,
Through wind and rain and thunder.
The night was dark; and the track was grey,
And it led where none could tell;
And a thousand terrors shrouded the way
Where the twisting lightnings fell.
But I swung it up, and I swung it down,
Through dreary hollows to Bolton town,
A broken horseshoe, as scarred and brown
As the withered heather under.
And all the devils and fiends of night
That follow a lone man's tread,
Though I saw them gleam on the height snow-white
Were as harmless there as the dead;
For I carried it up, and I carried it down,
Over the hills to Bolton town,
Over the hills where the heath is brown,
Through rain and wind and thunder.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

A correspondent of *The Times*, whose letter gives the impression of intelligence and an understanding of forestry, describes what he calls the wholesale felling which is taking place in Burnham Beeches. His assertion is that lopping is being done in a manner to destroy the beauty of the trees. In one case a limb 50ft. in length and 9ft. in circumference is that dangerous boughs are being removed. It is also said that the felling and lopping are being done at haphazard at the discretion of the keeper and his assistants instead of under the supervision of the Ranger. More extraordinary and deplorable still is the announcement that many of the fine hollies which have sprung up at the foot of some of the oldest trees are being cut down. These hollies form one of the most delightful features of Burnham Beeches, and go so beautifully with the ancient trees that we cannot imagine any adequate reason for destroying them. Hitherto the Corporation of London has exercised a most judicious and wise care of the famous Beeches, and we find it difficult to believe that this destruction is being wrought with the knowledge of the Ranger. Probably some of the servants are carrying out general instructions in a manner he did not contemplate.

Mr. Walter Rye has drawn up a petition relating to the public rights of fishing on the Broads that will demand the serious consideration of Parliament. It states that until the year 1860 the public had been accustomed to use the Broads without question for the purpose of passage, recreation and fishing. About that time the riparian owners began to take steps to curtail the public liberty. In some cases the entrances were chained up, and in one case the entrance was filled up with earth so that the river was blocked. Mr. Rye's contention is that public records, with one exception, fail to show

that there ever was a grant of free fishing before Magna Charta to any portion of the rivers or Broad, although the right of free warren was granted in respect of adjacent lands and manors. Now the claims to exclusive fishery have been based without exception on the presumption of lost grants, but no grant has ever been actually produced or cited by the claimants. A case for investigation has certainly been made out by Mr. Rye, and it ought not to be neglected, because more interests than those of pleasure-seekers are at stake. There are many poor fishermen who have been brought up to believe that they were within their legal rights in taking fish on the Broad, and it is certainly desirable that their position should be finally and unequivocally defined.

Elementary teachers in Great Britain have received a tempting offer from Canada. Mr. D. S. Mackenzie, Deputy-Minister for Education of the Province of Alberta, has been spending some time in this country making enquiries as to the possibility of engaging teachers for the Canadian provincial elementary schools. Mr. Rutherford, Premier of Alberta, telegraphed to him a few days ago that after midsummer 150 teachers would be required for that province alone, and Mr. Mackenzie says there is an equal demand for teachers in the province of Saskatchewan. Owing to the rapidity with which the country is being settled, the Canadian production of teachers does not keep up with the demand, and it is in many respects most desirable that the places should be filled from Great Britain. It used to be said that he who made the songs of a people had more influence than he who made the laws; but to-day the man who wields the most influence in the inculcation of tradition and historical association is the schoolmaster, and if these Canadian schools were filled by Englishmen, the result would be that Canadian boys and girls would grow up with a far better and more sympathetic knowledge of Imperial history than they are likely to obtain from any other quarter.

Thoroughly worthy of its object was the dinner held at the Hotel Metropole to celebrate the centenary of Edgar Allan Poe. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle most appropriately presided. He, in a way, sprang out of the loins of "R. L. S.," and "R. L. S." himself gloried in being a derivative of Edgar Allan Poe. It is very easy to trace the connection between such stories as "Sherlock Holmes" and "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" to the kind of short story which Poe originated, as was pointed out clearly enough by Mr. Whitelaw Reid. But Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had a still greater qualification in his possession of the eye of the novelist. The whole pathos of Edgar Allan Poe's career was summarised in his graphic description of his wife's death-bed: "The lovely girl of eighteen—she was but fourteen when she was married—the husband chafing the cold feet, the great yellow cat laid on her chest to supply the warmth which poor food and imperfect covering denied." To understand all is indeed to do more than to forgive all in the case of Edgar Allan Poe.

The forms of fame are very various. We hear, at the moment, a great deal of the Apaches of Paris, we have Apache dancers at our halls of entertainment, and there comes, with a curious appropriateness, the news of the death of the man, the Red Indian chief, who did more than any other to give to the term Apache all the terrific import which it bears for us. No doubt much of the ferocity which made his earlier years and the very name of his people remarkable must have died down in the nature of the old chief before his actual demise. The Apache is no longer the menace that he was to the advance of civilisation which has now passed over his head.

The bees tempted out by the bright suns of many days in late February must have found it a very friendless, because a very foodless, world. There was really nothing for them in the gardens except the winter aconite. The crocuses do not seem to have any great attraction for the bees, and the snowdrops are not of any use to them, just because, for one thing, they do drop, and it must be troublesome to get at any of the nectar which they may hold.

To define, analyse and classify folk-song must be very difficult, because folk-song itself is a very vague term. In literature it has been loosely applied to verses sung by the folk, mostly the folk of the rural country-side. Thus in Henderson and Henley's edition of Burns it is said that the poet's genius lay in seizing, amending and glorifying the folk-song. Mr. Cecil Sharp, who has attempted the task of defining folk-song, says that in its simplest elements it is the game-song of children, fragments of which are still in use in every country. We would go further back and take the lullaby as the earliest of all. One can imagine the undeveloped primitive mother, before the gift of speech quite came to her, cooing inarticulately a crude sleep-song to her baby, and this took a shape with her development. In the Highlands of Scotland every parish used to have its own lullaby. Some were very beautiful, like that which the

late Professor Blackie translated: "Sleep ye my bairnie, my bonnie wee laddie." The cradle comes before the game, and therefore we should give this the first place in the history of folk-song. Passing on to the singing games, the songs sung by men at their work—of which the sailor's chanty is a prominent survival, but not the only one—we have the cumulative songs, like "The House that Jack Built," and the farmyard songs. Innumerable songs into which variants are introduced by the singer may probably come next, and that brings us very near to the ballad—the most interesting and beautiful of all folk-songs.

The sternest economist will not grumble at the proposed increase of expenditure which is likely to be a result of the conversation between Mr. Herbert Gladstone and one or two questioners on the subject of the Tottenham outrage. It was brought out clearly that the widow of a constable killed in the execution of his duty is entitled to an allowance of only £15 a year, and an additional allowance at the rate of 50s. a year for each child under fifteen years of age. This pension ceases on re-marriage. The compensation awarded is not as great as could be enforced in the case of a man in private service, and the Home Secretary frankly admitted that the Police Act of 1890 "does restrict too much the pensions which can be given to the widows and children of officers killed in the execution of duty." He intimated that the question of amending the law in this respect is under consideration, and no doubt if a Bill were introduced into the House of Commons it would receive the support of members of all shades of opinion, so that it could possibly be passed into law this Session. We hope that this is what will happen, because it is not fair that sufferers from a man's devotion to duty should be forced to rely upon public benevolence for support.

THE DEAD LOVER.

When first we were parted you often came
To kneel by my grave,—and you even cried.
You planted violets over my head,—
But it's nearly a year since the violets died.

Instead of them now the grass grows tall,
And moss unchecked creeps over the stone.
And I listen in vain for your light foot-fall
As I lie in the darkness alone—alone.

I never asked much of you, Oh my sweet,
While I lived—shall I blame you now that I'm dead?
My heart was at rest at your beautiful feet,
Contented with all that you did and you said.

We have gone to our places as all must do,
I to the dark, and you to the sun.
It's enough to know that you still are you,—
And you for me are the only one.

In time you may almost forget my name,
I'll be just a poor lover of long ago;
But I hold you Sweetheart all the same,
You will always be mine—though you may not know.

CELIA CONGRUVE.

Last Sunday the eighty-ninth birthday of Sir John Tenniel was celebrated, and the memories then evoked of his great triumphs have, by a natural process, led to some discussion of the art of caricature as it is understood and practised to-day. Some who have taken part therein may be well advised to turn up a discourse of Fielding's on the subject, in which the abiding principles were set forth. Sir John Tenniel we cannot regard exactly as a caricaturist, since the word carries with it a suggestion of ridicule and folly, whereas the best of his *Punch* cartoons owed their success mostly to the great clearness and sympathy with which the artist grasped the point of a situation. Take, for example, his famous "Dropping the Pilot." Here is nothing in the shape of a caricature nor of partisanship, only the essence of a situation is grasped and shown in one of the most effective of pictures. Again, if we go outside the figures of our leading comic paper and look at Sir John Tenniel's illustrations of "Alice in Wonderland," the Alice with her stiff little figure and face full of character is not the product of a caricaturist but of imagination and insight. It was so with nearly all Tenniel's work, and there is no doubt that he met the requirements of his public splendidly. He did not raise a loud guffaw but depended upon the interest he aroused.

It is a little unjust to the fame of one who was really something more than a very gifted caricaturist that the name of Caran d'Ache (Emmanuel Poire), who died at the end of last week in Paris, will be inseparably associated in this country with those wooden silhouette toys which have had so much vogue. It was in the *Figaro* that he became known to a really wide circle for the brilliance of his caricature and humorous drawing, which was less mordant than that of some of his

contemporaries; but before he took to contributing to that paper he had made his mark in others of less importance. Later he executed some pictures which showed an imaginative power that his earlier work had not expressed. His greatest faculty of all, however, was his capacity for suggesting with the pencil line the movements of animals, and of horses in

particular. Therein it is not too much to say that he had no superior and that his work is comparable with that of the contemporary sculptor, Barye. He was a Russian by birth, and was born at Moscow in 1858. No doubt he had somewhat outlived his vogue when he began to turn his genius towards the creation of the familiar wooden toys.

THE COUNTRY-SIDE IN FEBRUARY.

PASSING along a main road at the end of February, the pedestrian, whenever he happened to be passed by a fast motor, had the disagreeable surprise of being enveloped in a cloud of dust that could not have been denser in the month of May. The phenomenon was typical of the very exceptional month through which we have passed. Since records began to be taken at Kew in 1815, there have been only four Februaries that show a smaller rainfall than that of 1909, and in at least one or two of those cases snow was lying on the ground for the whole of the twenty-eight days. In 1895,



B. Lowndes

HOAR-FROST IN FEBRUARY.

Copyright.

February, it will be remembered, came in the middle of a hard frost that began between Christmas and January and endured without interruption until the middle of March. But we question if ever on any previous occasion so great a water famine has been experienced at this season of the year. The rainfall previously, in spite of two or three very wet weeks, was below the average, and the particular character of the weather caused such moisture as there was to disappear very rapidly. The

general run of it consisted of a sharp frost at night which brought the moisture to the surface, and a sunny day often



V. E. Morris.

THE CALM OF A FROSTY DAY.

Copyright



THE HUNGRY FLOCK.

accompanied by wind that dried up whatever the sun melted. Even near London, breeders of livestock were so hard put to it to find drink for their animals that in many cases they had to carry water from a distance of two or three miles. The water-cart being filled in a pond was a common sight during the third week of the month. In other parts of England this dearth was very greatly accentuated. In Cambridgeshire and other of the Midland Counties water had to be carried to the villages and actually was sold in buckets at about 2d. each. From East Anglia came similar accounts; so that it is no exaggeration to say that for once the people of England have known what it is to experience a serious water-famine in the second month of the year. The rainfall of the month would have shown even less in the table of the meteorologist had it not been that snow came at the very end of it. It fell around London

slightly, but almost continuously, during the whole of the 27th and 28th. March did indeed come in like a lion—if by that metaphor is meant that it began in storm—and we can only hope that it will carry out the terms of the proverb and go out like a lamb. One cannot say that the type of weather was unpleasant in character. On the contrary, the afternoons were highly enjoyable, as the sun's rays were sufficiently hot to remove any unpleasantness connected with being out-of-doors. Vegetation, it is true, received a check that was far from unwelcome to the gardener, though the farmer did not appreciate it. But the roads were delightfully dry and smooth, so that walking and locomotion alike could be enjoyed at their best, and to those who love the open February is one of the most interesting months of the year. It was not for nothing that our forefathers fixed St. Valentine's Day as that on which the birds choose their mates. It occurred on a Sunday this year, and many of our readers will remember that it

was, as Shakespeare's phrase has it, frosty but kindly. On a particular lawn where the birds had been fed during the whole of the winter, those most persistent of beggars, the robins, had come in great numbers since the autumn, but they were all of one sex. On St. Valentine's Day these birds showed an unusual jauntiness in their carriage and evinced a pugnacity beyond their usual quarrelsomeness. Closer inspection showed that one or two of them were accompanied by the sober-hued female. We say sober-hued because the colour was brown, but its new and shiny aspect told that the little birds had come forth clothed like brides in the dress provided for their courting days. The persistence of the frost seemed to cool the ardour of these lovers towards the end of the month and the sexes drifted apart. But that does not alter the fact that they celebrated St. Valentine's Day in its appropriate manner. It will be remembered that January was exceedingly mild, and a consequence was that the early



Ward Muir.

ICE ON MOUNTAIN STREAM

Copyright



MIRRORED WINTER.

mornings of that month were greeted with a fine burst of melody. An older writer would have said that the thrush warbled on leaflet and sprig; but in prosaic point of fact he mounted the telegraph wires, and from that point of vantage poured forth what is perhaps the sweetest song of the spring. We refer, of course, to the merle or song-thrush; the larger missel-thrush is contemptuous of bad weather, and before the year had turned he was ringing the changes on that bold and triumphing tune which has earned him the well-deserved name of storm-cock. The larks took the principal part in the orchestra in the beginning of the year, and even the long-continued frost did not cause them to cease from song, although it must be confessed that it diminished its volume. No songs on courtship, as far as we can notice, were made by the other familiars of the garden. The tits, for instance, of which great numbers are harboured, seem still fighting too hard for their food. The great tit, whose bold note will resound from the tree-tops later, gave forth only a defiant chirp when some of his lesser friends, such as the cole-tit or the blue tit, appeared to be taking more than their due share of the suspended piece of suet. The pretty long-tailed tits come in parties of half-a-dozen and busily investigate the nut trees for ten minutes or so, then fly off to make new discoveries. The tree-creeper ran up the tree like a mouse, and dropped down to the root again till it had systematically examined every portion of the bark for insects; but his mate was lingering elsewhere. The chaffinches appeared to be as hungry as the blackbirds, which almost come in at the door in search of food. In the lime avenues, however, those stalwart lovers, the rooks, have gone on building their lofty mansions and quarrelling for their mates independently of the frost. Yet they seem to have felt its severity. Even when the ice is extremely thin, the cold is sufficient to cause the grubs and worms to dive down into the earth in search of warmth, and

the rooks are always most daring during the long period of frost. They come to the stacks, into which they burrow great holes in order to get at the grain; they light on the turnip rows, where they make holes in the roots with their strong bills; they visit the potato clamps that have been opened, and may be seen flying off with the largest of the tubers in their mouths; they will even alight in the garden and on the lawn on the chance of picking up something that has been laid for their smaller and weaker brethren. Somehow they seem to manage to get enough to live on, for they can be seen sailing into the rookeries with sticks in their mouths. They show in that way a stupidity that is proverbial, because at the very roots of the trees in which they nest there is material for endless numbers of nests, yet they go for miles sometimes to bring a small piece of stick from some distant plantation. It must be said that the farmer has been viewing the changes of weather with more apprehension than enjoyment. He was glad to find that February produced a beautiful and powdery tilth for his beans and other very early seeds. If this had been produced in March his fortune would have been made for the year; but the effect of snow on ground where seeds have been sown is not altogether beneficial. It produces a hard outside cake under which the seeds germinate less freely than they do in open weather, and eventually when they force their way through it, the plants come feebly. The weather, too, has made continuous demands upon his winter food, and in many cases the supplies by this time are very nearly exhausted, while the long continuation of the frost must prevent any early sprouting of the meadow grass. Sheep-farmers are especially anxious at the moment. Some are now in the middle of the lambing season, and a snowstorm, even in the lowlands, is not good for the newcomers, while on high-lying ground it threatens utter destruction; so that the work of the shepherd is rendered of a most anxious character.

THE RAVEN AND HIS HOME.

THERE is a deal of excitement and fascination in tracking some of our rarest birds to their wild and little-known haunts. If we wish to see that big black outlaw of the air, the raven, in his own home, we must visit some of the very wildest spots. There are few inland haunts where this fine bird still breeds, although about fifty years ago a pair might have been found in most inland counties. But the spread of civilisation and the increase of game-preserving have driven the raven far from towns and villages. On the steepest cliffs of the sea-shore all round our coasts we shall probably find a pair; but it is among the bleak and bare Welsh mountains that the raven's real home lies. Here we find several pairs nesting, but it is not my intention to give away the exact locality. When I first looked upon the Welsh home of the ravens, the grey dawn of morning was giving place to the fuller light of sunrise. Over the wild grey rugged hills, clouds tinged with the first pale blush of the morning sun were travelling fast. And slowly these put on a deeper crimson, and glimpses of a pale green sky could be seen as the wind-torn rolls of vapour sped onwards; and then, with one glorious burst, a golden flood of sunshine

poured out from between two giant hills, and a skylark told all the land that another day of spring had dawned. Lower

down a missel-thrush and one solitary twite gave out notes as wild and as free as the land they frequented, but as musical as the rippling water in the dipper's stream which tumbled on its way to the valleys. To me, looking upon it for the first time, it seemed like a new world, even the sounds of that country, as well as the scenes, being new to me. Although many years have passed since I first entered the raven's home, I can picture in my mind the hundreds of green fields in the valleys, the fantastic streams and white cottages on their banks, with cattle grazing near, while the homeward-bound shepherd was seen coming down from the higher grey slopes with his dogs. We toiled over hills and through valleys, explored many gorges and dingles, and eventually found several ravens' nests. The birds nearly always place their nest in such a position that the morning sun shines into it, and therefore it is generally useless to search among rocks which do not face east or south-east. The birds often build two nests, and if an intruder approaches they are at times seen settling near or flying over the unused one.



O. G. Pike.

RAVEN SITTING NEAR HIS NEST.

Copyright



O. G. Pike.

THE NEST.

Copyright

I well remember one of these dummy nests, for every time I passed it the male bird would perch in a prominent position just over it and "bark" loudly, while all the time his mate was comfortably seated in her cunningly concealed nest about 100yds. away. After a deal of trouble I was able to make an exposure on this nest, but we had to fix the ropes on the cliff, and for over half-an-hour I was suspended over the steep edge. It should be an interesting photograph, because it is the first ever taken of the interior of the raven's nest showing the markings on the eggs.

It is difficult and dangerous work photographing on the steepest and most treacherous Welsh cliffs, and although we had no serious mishaps, my camera had a narrow escape of being smashed to atoms. It was packed with valuable lenses in a limp canvas case. I was just preparing to set up the tripod, when I had the horror of seeing the case bounding full speed down the side of the hill. Over and over it rolled, jumping the larger stones, ever getting near to the steep precipice 60ft. further down. The scene only lasted a few seconds, but it seemed long to me sitting helpless above. At last, with one big bound it disappeared over the edge and was lost to view. There was a fall here of about 300ft. into the rushing river below, the roar of which could be heard. I anxiously waited to hear the smashing fall which I felt certain must follow; but no sound reached me. Was it already in the river, or could it have possibly lodged on a rock? But when we reached the ledge over which it had disappeared, we saw, to our delight and amazement, that the case had caught in a stout mountain ash bush growing in the side of the cliff! It speaks well for the strength of the camera, for I am certain no other ever had such a long and rough journey, to arrive safe and sound at the end of it, as mine did. My camera has had some remarkable escapes in its time; but its preservation on this occasion surpasses all its other wild adventures.

During the many weeks that I have spent in the raven's haunt, I have had many good opportunities of studying the birds and their ways. One bright morning we were going up a steep hillside when a raven left her nest and circled round above. She was joined by her mate, and the latter for some reason seemed to be in a great rage. He gave vent to his feelings by an attack on a flock of jackdaws which rose near. He picked one bird out of the flock, chased it, twisting and turning in his flight, and almost succeeded in striking it; but, being foiled, he made one or two grand dashing swoops, and then turned at right angles and swept down like a great feathered dart on another terrified jackdaw. With wonderful powers of flight for a small bird, this one also eluded his pursuer. Not until the whole flock of intruders had been driven from his well-guarded haunt did the raven rest; then, floating along with outspread pinions, he soared round and about his nest, every now and then "tumbling"—a curious habit he has, which seems to consist in falling on to his back in the air, then dropping a few feet in this position and recovering himself. When ravens have young the male will almost attack any intruder who goes too near the nest, whether it be man or bird. At a certain nest one of the old birds was flying about the steep dingle or gorge on the hillside, "barking" defiance and trying to guard his young. A too venturesome kestrel, which, I believe, had a nest in the same dingle, began flying round the larger bird. This so angered the raven that he attacked the kestrel without more ado. The latter, with much

better powers of flight, simply toyed with his adversary, and for a long time the two soared round and about, the kestrel seeming to enjoy the fun, while the raven, to judge by his angry barks, was growing more enraged. At last he became more determined, and with one desperate rush caught up to the little brown hawk and with a deadly blow struck him down. The kestrel turned over and over, a lifeless bunch of feathers, and tumbled to the rocks far down in the glen. When the keeper descended to pick it up, he found that the head had been almost severed from the body. The raven was avenged, and seemed to be contented with his murderous work, for he gave vent to some satisfied notes as he slowly made his way back to his nest.

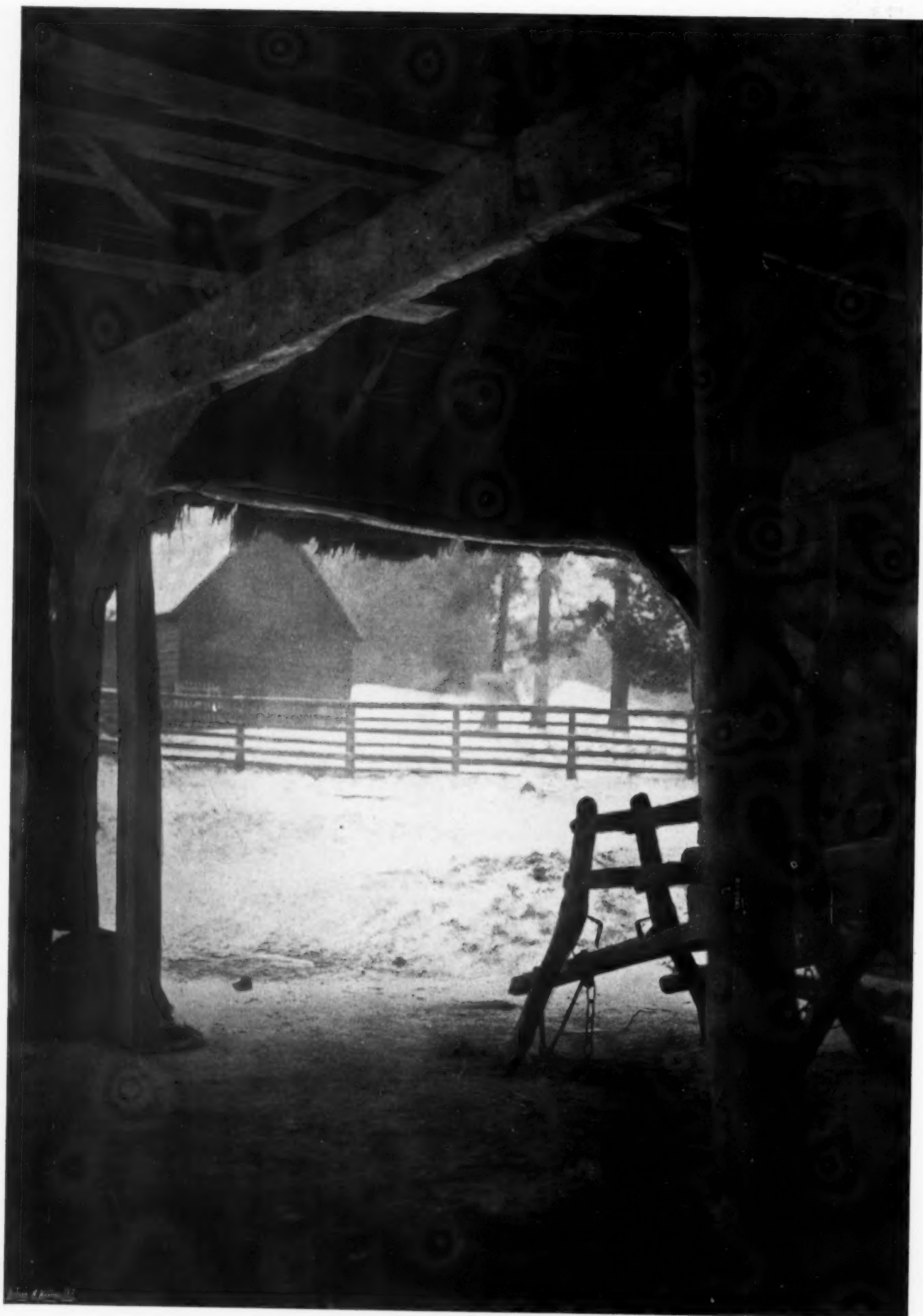
The raven's calls and notes are almost a kind of language, and some observers claim to be able to tell whether it is a cock or hen which calls, and the many different notes uttered by either bird can in some measure be understood. The time when the nest contains young is, perhaps, the best to hear the raven's language. If a person then goes too near, some of the bolder birds will even threaten to attack him; and last spring I had an exceedingly angry female raven make several dangerous dashes at my head. And, again, they will often tear and snap off twigs and small branches, showing at the same time, to those who can understand a bird's manners and language, anxiety and love for their precious fledgelings. If a sheep should fall sick and die, or, as is more often the case, should slip down the rocks and be killed, ravens are the first to discover the mishap, and with gluttonous haste they will tear out favourite morsels from the body. But before touching such food a raven soars round and above the carcase to see that there is no human enemy lurking in the rocks, for, though quick to find food, he is ever on the alert, and never, except in very foggy weather, will he approach within gunshot. He is very fond of Welsh mutton, but, unlike the carrion crow, will not attack a sheep or lamb while life remains in it. The carrion crow is far and away the worst offender, and will seldom hesitate to attack a sickly animal. The raven, even for a bird, is an early riser; long before sunset he "beats" the hills and valleys, and after sunset his harsh call, "cruck, cruck," may still be heard as he goes to his retreat among the hills. OLIVER G. PIKE.



O. G. Pike.

CORVUS CORAX.

Copyright



FROM THE CARTSHED.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

MRS. GREEN—VI.
"BRASSIS."
BY
EVELYNE E. RYND.



ONE snowy Saturday not long ago, having come home for the week-end by the 12.15, I went upstairs to my room and found

Mrs. Green in it, charring the ceiling upon a chair with a broom, in a large turban made of dusters. Her aspect was darkened, and the ceiling was falling off all round her under the bitterness of her zeal.

"I suppose I'd better go now," she said, without further greeting, pausing gloomily in the midst of her labours, when I appeared.

"No," said I, "I shall only be a minute."

"It's the same to me if I goes or no," said Mrs. Green—"which comp'ny I h'am not nor h'arsks so to be found when in a snowstorm."

"Please don't go," said I, cheerfully.

"Cook," says I, said Mrs. Green, unexpectedly. "'Cook,' says I, 'when I chars to oblige,' says I, 'lemme char in a n'ouse as can be called a n'ouse an' not in a n'ouse as can't,' says I. 'Ah, indeed, Mrs. Green,' said she—an' she deaf with the singin' in 'er 'ead an' the shootin' in 'er left leg she's got from the snowstorm trickling down the back of 'er neck through the 'ole in the slates of the larder—as it certingly would 'ave done, pore soul, if she 'adn't sent the kitching-maid in h'instead. 'Ah, indeed, Mrs. Green,' says she—which comp'ny I h'am not nor h'arsks so to be found when in a snowstorm."

"Couldn't you call this a house?" said I, mildly.

"There's no sayin' what you mightn't call it from a wish to be perlite, of course," replied Mrs. Green, "an' far be it from me to say what you mightn't call it from a wish not to be. You might call it h'almost h'anythink from a wish not to be. 'But a n'ouse it is not, cook,' says I, 'if scarcely a cathedral or a gasworks,' says I. 'When the rewf falls in an' the boiler falls out an' the ceilin' falls h'orf, a n'ouse it is not whatever the church delapidators may call it, cook,' says I, firm—which a n'ouse is the larst thing they do call it, of course, it bein' a Rectory. 'Ah, indeed, Mrs. Green,' says cook, says she—she cookin' on a gas-burner like h'any martyr."

Here Mrs. Green sighed and made a plunge at the ceiling, which immediately, and not unnaturally, trickled down a brief shower of whitewash.

"There you h'are, you see," said Mrs. Green, groaning. "Crumples h'up an' falls on you like the 'Evings on a larst day, as is doubtless sootable to a church ceilin', but fills the 'air with plaster. But it can't be 'elped. It's got to be 'ore with. It's what they calls a delapidation an' it comes of livin' in a Rectory instead of a n'ouse. You can't heggspeck h'anythink else ser long as the Bishops sends in delapidators instead of carpenters when the place 'as to be done up for a noo parson, of course—or I should say 'done down,' pore feller, which 'brown' is what they does the larst one, or would do 'im if 'e wasn't dead and done for h'already. Ah, 'ow often I've 'eard the Rector mention the same to Green! An' what follers, I h'arsk you? Delapidations is the h'invariable result, h'arter which there comes a snowstorm an' then where h'are you?"

She descended slowly from her chair, and began in an abstracted manner to take the fire-irons out of the basin from under a sheet, with a view to my washing my hands. "Brassis flecks," she remarked briefly, in explanation of the slight unusualness of their position—"if charred on."

"They're beautifully bright," said I, admiringly.

Mrs. Green paused, gazed thoughtfully at the floor, and said: "Me comin' outer church larst Monday h'arter fecthin' the surplices I met a young man walkin' with what 'ad been the small-pox an' a sorit 'at, together with a dreadful 'abit of h'eggspainin' when no need of the same. One of them superior little tourist facis 'e 'ad on 'im, sech as you don't see unless you look at it, an' not h'always then—and no sooner did 'e meet me then 'e set out for to

h'eggspain that 'is h'intelligence 'aving been waked up in H'east Peckum, 'e was come out for to look for brassis on a bicycle, an' could 'e get h'inter the church. 'Certingly

you can,' says I, perlite, me belongin' to the Rector's family, an' knowin' what was doo in the churchyard. 'You can take this 'ere key an' leave it at the Verger's h'arterwards,' says I, encouragin' of 'im. 'An' h'are there brassis in it?' says 'e, h'important. 'Certingly there is,' says I, perlite—which it seemed a strange thing for 'im to come 'unting for in a church, of course, but 'e might 'ave been apprenticed to a h'ironmonger's, or about to marry into a tin-smith's, or sech, an' any'ow 'ighly 'armless, though if all 'is h'intelligence did when it waked up in H'east Peckum was to start out lookin' for brassis on a bicycle, they might jest as well 'ave left it asleep, of course. 'Owever, that was none of my bizness, an' any'ow I took 'im perlite, me knowin' what was doo to a Rector's family when in the churchyard. 'Certingly there is,' says I, dignified. 'This is trewly forchinit,' says 'e, sollim, an' out 'e draws 'is little pockit-book for to mention in it 'ow forchinit it was. 'Perreps I should h'eggspain,' says 'e, bright, 'that I've 'unted through three churchis this mornin', an' found no brassis in h'any on 'em,' says 'e. 'I dessay you may 'ave, young man,' says I, me showin' 'im 'is place; 'but the Rector of this church, lemme tell you,' says I, dignified, 'is a n'ighly superior person, which I'm the wife of 'is 'ead-gardener with a boy under 'im as oughter know, an' goes up to the 'ouse frequent to oblige though comp'ny I h'am not nor h'arsks so to be found when in a snowstorm. But meannesses about 'is church in the way of steel or h'iron is what 'e would not stand,' says I, 'whathever they may do h'elsewhere,' says I. 'Arter which you might 'a' thought I'd made a joke. 'Pee-hee,' says 'e, 'Pee-hee,' that bein' what 'e took to be a larf, though nobody h'else would 'a' done so. 'Vee-ry good,' says 'e, 'Pee-hee—Perreps I'd better h'eggspain to you,' says 'e, superior. 'Certingly you can,' says I, 'if you don't mind my not stoppin' to listen,' says I. 'There's some h'intelligences don't need to be woke up quite the same way what they does in H'east Peckum, young man,' says I, plain, 'me 'aving cleaned brassis 'alf me life.' 'Oh, ah, I beg pardon, I'm sure,' says 'e, growin' red in the face as was natchrul, an' leavin' orf to pee-hee on the sudding."

"But, Mrs. Green—" said I.

"You wait till you 'ears what 'appinged," said Mrs. Green, with a brief, but firm, injunction aside; and I subsided.

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," says 'e, perlite," resumed Mrs. Green. "'H'are they good ones?' says 'e. 'As good as noo,' says I. 'An' in good repair?' says 'e. 'Certingly,' says I, which the noo ones was h'only bought secon' 'and in Sevingoaks larst week, of course, Green 'aving gone in to 'elp get 'em, but 'e couldn't be h'eggspacted to know that. 'An what h'earers, may I h'arsk?' says 'e, 'opeful, a drawin' out of 'is little pockit-book. 'None at h'all, the verger bein' deaf,' says I, 'but it bein' a church, young man, lemme tell you that visitors is h'eggspacted not to make a row excep' in a whisper with their 'ats orf—earers or no earers,' says I, severe—'owever good the brassis may be,' says I, a-warnin' of 'im firm. 'Though why 'e should want to make a row because 'e'd see a few brassis, 'Eving only knoo, of course, an' best not to h'arsk 'im in case 'e should h'eggspain."

"But, Mrs. Green," said I, rapidly, "I don't think you quite understand—"

"That's what 'e thought," said Mrs. Green, "but 'e learned different. 'H'arter thinkin' for about five minits, 'e said as 'ow 'e didn't feel quite sure I'd h'understood 'im an' perreps 'e'd better h'eggspain. 'You make quite sure that you h'understand me, young man,' says I, 'an' try an' break yourself of that dreadful 'abit of h'eggspainin' when no need whatever of the same,' says I, kind. 'It wouldn't reilly matter if

nobody h'understood you from now on till you died orf," says I, reassurin' of 'im; "which they'll h'understand quite as much of you as they want to if not more, ser long as you're keeful not to h'eggspain nothink," says I. "But you make quite sure you h'understand *me*, young man," says I, firm, "as is a n'ighly different matter, an' a most h'important." But it wasn't no use. "E 'adn't the brains."

"I don't think you quite grasped *him*, Mrs. Green," said I, earnestly, seizing the moment in which Mrs. Green paused perforce for breath. "He——"

"Nor 'adn't no wish to," said Mrs. Green, briefly. "I wouldn't 'a' touched 'im with a n'airpin, let alone grasped 'im anywhere, a n'ighly h'intelligent, dusty little person like that there. 'Owever, no one could 'a' treated 'im more perlite than what I did meself short of graspin' 'im, of course, me knowin' what was doo to a Rector's family when in the churchyard. Which it was enough to try the temper of a saint the way 'e would go h'eggspainin' in a manner as 'ud muddle up the clearest 'ead, when no need whatever of the same. 'I fear I'm troublin' you," says 'e, h'anxious, "but perreps I should h'eggspain that I belong to the H'east Peckum 'And-in-'And Chrischin 'Earts Scientific Serceity for the Preservation of H'old Widders," says 'e; "an' that's why I'm ser glad for to 'ear that they're well cleaned an' cared for in this 'ere church," says 'e—which I h'arsk you what that 'ad got to do with it," added Mrs. Green, pondering indignantly, "there bein' no h'old widders whatever in the church, an' any'ow 'earts can't go 'and-in-'and 'owever scientific. But it was h'impossible to h'arsk 'im, of course, in case 'e should h'eggspain."

I found nothing to reply to these comments on so unexpected an addition to what already appeared to be an irreparable confusion, and while I was still gazing at Mrs. Green in a rapt endeavour to understand not only what she meant, but what she did not mean, she resumed:

"'Owever, I took 'im perlite, of course," she said with a sigh, "me knowin' what was doo to a Rector's family when in the churchyard. 'I'm glad to 'ear there's as kind 'earts in Peckum as outer Peckum," says I, congratulatin' of 'im dignified, "an' certingly best to preserve h'old widders 'and-in-'and," says I—"which a widder is a dang'rous thing to a young man 'owever old she is, an' far safest to deal with 'em thus together in a Serceity as close as possible to another person," says I. "But there's no widder to preserve in this 'ere church excep' the cleaner as 'asn't yet lost 'er 'usb'ing," says I, "so you go in an' see them brassis, and for 'Eving's sake don't h'eggspain h'anythink more," says I, me seein' 'im thinkin', with a serprised face. But it wasn't no use. "Perreps I'd better h'eggspain for the sake of clearness," says 'e, mild, which nothink could 'a' been clearer than what h'everythink was h'except' when 'e'd h'eggspained it, of course!—"that we formed our Serceity in H'east Peckum arter 'aving our h'intelligences wakened by a series of h'extendin' leckchers on the "Bewtiful in Daily Life,"" says 'e—"an' there it was again more muddled than h'ever, as I'd know'd it would be. What 'ad the 'Bewtiful in Daily Life' got to do with it, I h'arsk you!" said Mrs. Green, gazing at me gloomily. "But h'impossible to h'arsk 'im, of course, in case 'e should h'eggspain."

"Extension lectures——" I began.

"Oh, I know'd what *they* was," said Mrs. Green. "We 'ave 'em down 'ere ourselves come the winter. I know'd what *they* was. H'extend in' leckchers they calls 'em, because there's never no h'end to 'em when once they begins, which I went to one once at three o'clock to support the Rector on the h'early 'istry of the Church, an' the leckcherer was still talkin' about 'beginnin' when I walked out at five o'clock to get Green 'is tea. Too late for *me*, 'is h'early 'istry was. But what 'ad the 'Bewtiful in Daily Life' got to do with h'old widders, which bewtiful they h'are not as a rewle, I h'arsk you!" said Mrs. Green, sighing resignedly. "'Owever, I took 'im perlite, of course, me bein' in the Rector's family. 'No h'extendin' leckcher h'ever h'extended as far as your brain, young man, nor never could do, you not 'aving got one," says I, plain. "Dew want this key or dew not?" says I, short, "because I'm a-goin'." But it wasn't no use. Arter that 'e said, lorfly, that 'e wished to h'eggspain that, h'owing to smiles an' self-'elp, 'e never turned 'is back on what 'e'd got 'is 'and on—as isn't a thing you can do 'owever much you smiles h'over it, an' no need for 'im to be proud of the same. 'Owever, orf 'e went dignified with the key. 'Whereabouts in the church shell I look for the brassis?" says 'e, over 'is shoulder. "The noo ones in the vestry an' the old ones in the coal-'ole," says I, me knowin' the 'abits of the verger. "That seems 'curious," says 'e, stoppin' short in a surprised sorter way. "Not ser curious as some things I could mention," says I, for I'd 'ad enough of 'im. "But it's strange there should be brassis in the vestry an' the coal-'ole," says 'e, thoughtful. "It 'ud be a deal stranger if there was brassis h'anywheres h'else," says I, "the vestry 'aving an oping fire, an' all the rest bein' stoves, as is poked with an 'ooked iron rod as usual," says I. "All the rest bein' *what*?" says 'e, leapin' in the h'air. "Stoves," says I, in a roar, so's to drive it 'ome to 'im. "I reelly don't think we can be talkin' of quite the same thing,"

says 'e, starin' at me with a n'orrified little face. "I h'am," says I, short, "whatever *you* may be doin'," says I. "Speak for yourself, young man," says I, "which you'll never talk of the same thing for two minits together h'until you learn to leave h'orf h'eggspainin', an' so I tell you," says I. "But perreps I'd better h'eggspain that I've been speakin' of brassis," says 'e—"an' with that I lost me patience with 'im. "Dear me," says I, sarcastick. "Was you?" says I. "Now I was a-talkin' of h'antimacassars an' 'edge'ogs," says I. "There's a strange thing," says I. "I think I'll be goin' now," says 'e, turning pale in the face, an' trying to walk h'orf cheerful an' h'unconscious as though 'e'd never stopped, but failin' in the same. "The pity is you h'ever come, young man," says I. "Peckum's the bes' place for you," says I, "where they preserves h'old widders 'and-in-'and, an' wakes up the h'intelligencis of h'all sech as 'asn't got none to wake up," says I. "You stop in Peckum arter this, an' don't come 'untin' for fire-irons in churchis no more," says I, "which what sorter serceity your mother can keep if you never get to see decent brassis in a parler fireplace as is a far more natchrul spot to look for 'em, I don't know," says I, "an' perreps best not to h'arsk you, in case you should h'eggspain," says I, an' with that I walked 'ome."

There was a short pause.

"He didn't mean fire-irons," said I, drawing a long breath, and emerging from the dream of Mrs. Green's narrative with the one fact of which I was perfectly certain.

"Then 'e shouldn't 'a' said 'e did," said Mrs. Green. "'E should 'a' tried more to say what 'e *did* mean, though perreps 'e found 'isself h'unable an' really 'ighly doubtful whether 'e meant h'anythink at all. You can't never be sure once they gets their h'intelligencis wakened. Look at Sairey Snope, an' the way 'er family died orf arter she learn'd 'ow best to keep 'em h'all alive in one of them h'extendin' leckchers on the 'elth'."

"I don't think I ever heard of that," said I.

"No more did I," said Mrs. Green, suddenly recollecting herself. "I never 'ear about things. I've got too much to do. Comp'ny I h'am not nor h'arsks so to be found when in a snow-storm, which——"

Just at this moment there came a knock at the door, and the youthful voice of the kitchen-maid remarked outside:

"Ho, I say, please, Mrs. Green, cook's fell in the gas."

Mrs. Green gave so violent a start that her turban nearly fell off, and then glanced at me with the utmost reproach, though I am unable even at this moment to perceive why she should have.

"Now I 'ope you see what comes of it, Miss Meary," she said, bitterly. "Ah, them delapidators!"

She strode to the door, and I heard her and the kitchen-maid hurrying down stairs together, Mrs. Green conversing loudly as she went—"When I chars to oblige, cook," says I, "lemme char in a n'ouse as can be called a n'ouse, an' not in a n'ouse as can't," says I——"

IN THE GARDEN.

WATER-SIDE GARDENS.

I KNOW of no kind of planting so interesting and rewarding as water-side planting, and in this, apart from the many beautiful trees and flowers that may be grown near water, we get away from the phrasemongering that of recent years has been common about the "garden proper." We are free at the water-side from hollow meaningless phrases, and may deal with beautiful realities. Happiest of all water-side planters are those whose grounds are traversed by rivers, and there are many such often neglected. The conditions which the wisest planter frequently seeks for in vain are made ready for us by the river-side—soil, deep and good; breadth, which by the bolder rivers prevents dotting and over-planting; light and shade, the true lines of the water-side so distinct from the often ugly lines of artificial water. There is, in fact, nothing to do under such conditions but plant with thought of the beautiful things that thrive there.

In artificial water we constantly have a quite different state of things, moats and ponds being often made in soil of poor condition, so that we may never hope to get the nobler growth of willow, dogwood, or even reeds in such positions. But we may do much in all cases. I would much rather have illustrated this theme of water-side planting from some of our nobler river pictures, but the Editor wishes me to deal with my own water-side planting. The ponds, when I saw them first, had no vegetation round their margins, but a hard yellowish line above the water, the soil being a stony, poor loam with a sandstone bottom. The first thing to do was to abolish the ugly bare line, which happily we had ample means of doing. Planting of the near margin of the water gave us many opportunities of using beautiful plants—reeds, loosestrife, iris and bulrushes. These in our country give us as good effects as any, as one may see in natural lakes like the Broad's and the backwaters of our

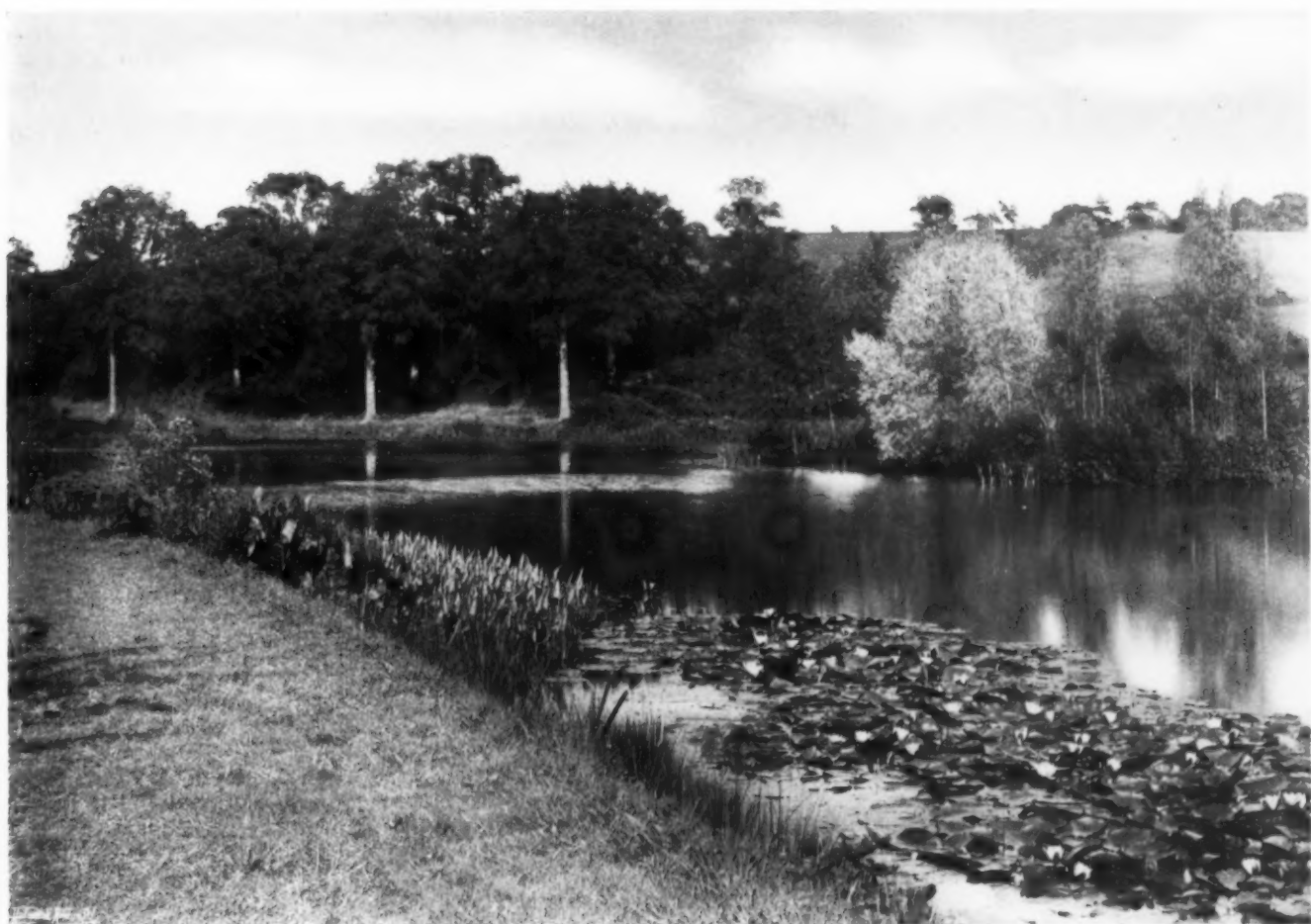
ivers. But while we should make sure of getting all our own native water and water-side plants, we find good ones in the flora of other countries, and these we use. The water iris, the common native reed, of which there is a larger variety, the reed mace (typha, three or four), the little grey willow (*Salix incana*) and the water-grass. The very best of the hardy bamboos associate well with water-side plants, and all the better if in bold groups; or if not exactly at the water-side, very near it, the best and most striking for winter effects being the palmate bamboo and the common Japanese bamboo (metake), and two or three other hardy kinds. The dwarf kinds are of no use, not giving as good effects as some native reeds.

Pampas grass, though it fares ill in cold districts, is a great plant grouped near, though not quite on, the water-side, the autumnal effects of it being fine in that place, and all the year round it goes well in effect with reeds and other water-side plants. In Northern districts it might be too tender, and it is a great thing to deal in the neighbourhood of water only with hardy things. Among spiræas, the plant called goat's-beard goes very well with the tall and vigorous giant spiræa and other herbs. Some of the taller money-worts I find very pretty and effective, and

in the garden owing to their vigour, come in here very well, where they may be allowed to take their own—often wild—way. Thus the giant knotworts (*Polygonum*), which soon become a nuisance in the garden, are often very fine by water and effective all the winter even from the colour of their stems. The same may be said of other vigorous plants, such as the willow-herb, both white and red forms.

Among trees, willows are the greatest aid of all perhaps by water; best of them the white willow or its forms or hybrids. Every graceful tree willow is worth planting, never forgetting our native yellow willow (*S. vitellina*) and its red form, much used in nurseries for tying purposes. There is a very graceful weeping form (*vitellina pendula*) of the yellow willow of rather recent introduction, which should always be planted, especially by river banks.

A good collection of hybrid and other pretty willows came from Germany, where they collect interesting forms of willows; but they were all grafted on the common withy, and in the end, after some years' struggle, every kind died, and as the common withy, or palm willow, grew too well instead, there was no gain. It has not the grace of the best willows, and being a very vigorous grower, it is extremely difficult to get rid of. Every



G. A. Champton.

Copyright.

LOWER LAKE, GRAVEYIE; SUMMER VIEW WITH ROSY WATER-LILY AND ARROW-HEAD IN FOREGROUND.

they are rarely seen in gardens, especially the kinds vulgaris and thyrsoides. Aconites, handsome but dangerous plants in gardens, often do well by water, and the blue dandelion-like plants (*mulgedium*), which are troublesome in gardens, are also pretty in a similar situation. Sometimes I put the tall moon-daisy among a delicately-coloured aster (*puniceus*), and both being tall plants, together they have a charming effect in the autumn. Golden rods, which I never admired in a garden, put beside a pond do very well, and struggle with their heads well up among other growths, though they are not true water-side plants. I am very fond of the true bulrush and the flowering rush, which always group themselves in pretty ways. These are among the plants that help one to soften the margin of a lake. Our large native water dock is a stately plant, often growing naturally by rivers, but not always to be found in nurseries, and it too must be sought beside water. The arrow-heads are very graceful in effect of foliage and also flower in a pretty way, the most attractive to me being the single ones; and both single and double run about and increase rapidly, disappearing altogether in winter. The royal fern is essential, though it does not thrive so well here as in peaty soils. Certain of the bolder herbaceous plants of Northern Asia, which are impossible

one of these willows might have been easily propagated by cuttings, and might have endured a long time and gained in grace as they went on. A graceful willow is the weeping form of our native purple willow, commonly, and wrongly, called the American weeping willow. There was a large group of this also grafted, which, after struggling for many years, was eventually killed by the stock, two plants only remaining out of a dozen. This also should be a willow easy to increase in the natural way. Poplars are attractive, especially where there is free room, and my favourite is our native aspen (*P. tremula*), though some less common poplars are also well worth planting. From seeing the good effect of the hemlock spruce in America near water, I was tempted to plant it, and its effect is always good, though we may never hope to see it attain the fine stature it does in its native country. One essential thing is the avoidance of variegated rubbish. Some of the finest lakes I know are spoiled by being freely planted with variegated conifers, which always, and usually very soon, take a diseased and ugly colour. The variegated elder is planted in the island in the Serpentine, a plant that should never be seen near water. Alders come by themselves, sometimes too numerous; but the cut-leaved alder is well worth planting.

It is worth noting that we have four sources of supply for our water planting—trees, among which are some of the most graceful; shrubs like our native viburnum; water-side plants, of which there are a number; and true water plants like the water-lily. These of late years give the crowning charm to the water itself; their beauty of colour is extraordinary, and they are almost worth growing for the sake of the foliage alone. Their hardiness in our climate is remarkable. Some groups have been eighteen years in one place, and though never touched or attended to in any way, have improved every year. Where they get too thick the number and size of the flowers lessen a little and, therefore, if there be time it does good to thin them. They thrive in deep water and big groups are to be seen on the shallow margins. One sowed itself in 12ft. of water and has come up many years in the same position. No frost seems to touch them, even when the ponds were emptied for cleaning; the only one touched was the yellow *cromatella*. The great buds of that certainly were hurt, but it recovered itself in a year and flowered as well as ever. The water is fully exposed to the winds and waves, so that the plants get no such shelter as they do in small sheltered pools. But while they will grow anywhere, one can never enjoy their full beauty unless some enemies are kept down. Chief among them are the water-vole and the water-hen, the former carrying away the flowers and eating them at leisure, the water-hen disfiguring them as they grow. It is easy to keep these enemies away in small ponds, which perhaps they will not always frequent, but in larger areas of water it wants

and meadow-sweets and reeds are as interesting to a plant-lover in winter as in summer, the seed-vessels of the reeds, etc., showing all through, and unless compelled by changes or other reasons, it is better to let them alone and cut down in April. It will be noted that all the plants used are such as take care of themselves among grass and other plants, as any hoeing or cleansing in the ordinary sense would destroy their effect; and only plants are used which do not mind this.

W. ROBINSON.

ROSE NOTES.

THE keen and frosty winds of early February have tried our Roses more than the colder weather of January, and once more it is evident that keen winds are particularly harmful. We give very little protection here (Uckfield); but the benefit of this is proved. Where the wind has removed the loose litter, several varieties have been cut up rather badly, and this not more so among the Teas and their hybrids than in the Hybrid Perpetual class. The worst feature about loose litter lies in its drifting. Just where we want it is where the wind will not let it stay, and this is why branches of Fir, etc., are preferable, especially when stuck into the ground so as to form a small hedge upon the windward side of the plants. In looking over the buds worked during last summer, I find the "take" quite up to the average, and rather better than usual among those that were inserted late. Doubtless this is due to the favourable autumn and longer continuance of sap. On the standards our buds are rather pinched by wind and frost, and I fear this may become sadly apparent during April, when we often find buds remaining dormant through being frozen at the base, although the eye appears to have come through the winter fairly well. Though still full early for



G. A. Champton.

Copyright.

AUTUMN VIEW, GRAVETYE POND, WITH WILLOWS, DOGWOOD AND GROUPS OF WATER-LILY.

perseverance, and we find if we cease trapping that the flowers disappear. The water-vole is not so difficult to exterminate as the brown rat, but the water-hens come in a continual stream from the woods and copses, no matter what we do. The presence in any numbers of the ordinary collection of water-fowl, which we see in so many places, would disfigure the lilies greatly and make their culture not worth attempting. These lilies have never received any ordinary gardening attention in the way of special soil, but were planted simply in the pond mud. When cleaning the ponds we leave a little islet or bank of this mud and on that the plants thrive to perfection. First the roots were thrown in tied to pieces of brick or waste iron. Some of the kinds increase naturally from seed to a degree that, if neglected, would spoil the general effect, so we have to cut the seedlings out, or the water would become covered. It is essential to have open pieces of water among them and not to overdo—a common fault. In the spring the effect of narcissus is a great help, and some beauty from that source may be looked for throughout the months of March and April and even a good deal in May. Most large kinds, like Emperor, thrive near the water and give fine effect.

Among the shrubs a few of the wild roses help, particularly the American marsh rose, which is pretty both in flower and fruit, and comes in bloom after our own wild roses. As regards the tall herbaceous plants, we find it gives a better effect not to cut down the stems in winter. The tall Siberian knotworts

pruning, I would get on with pergola and pillar Roses as time and weather permit. There is a great deal to do here unless the plants are well looked after during late summer, and as it chiefly consists of thinning, a few weeks earlier does not so much matter. Under glass the plants are coming on apace, and the increasing sun-power is plainly at work. There is no need for anxiety when a few hours' sun upon clear glass causes a rapid rise in temperature. We can ease this by watering the paths and benches freely rather than affording too much ventilation, which is a frequent cause of mildew at this season, when bright days and keen winds so often run together. The Rose foliage feeds upon ammonia rising from manures, whether liquid or solid, and we like to assist it as much as possible in this way; but the private gardener and amateur can scarcely make so much use of this as the trade or market grower. I have often been struck by the unpleasantness of crude manures among Roses in the garden and greenhouse. Feed by all means, but endeavour to let it be done in a clean manner, and a very little surface soil will secure this.

A. P.

THE ORNAMENTAL PLUMS.

Among the many low-growing trees that flower in spring, none is of a more decorative character than the brightly flowered Plums, or Prunuses as they are termed by botanists. Some years ago these were divided up into several families, which have now been united, so that some little confusion exists as to which names the plants shall be known by; but this should not deter anyone from planting these trees on an extensive scale for garden decoration. They will flourish in almost any soil that is not water-logged, and once established they do not, except in a few instances, require very much attention. Another strong point in their favour is that many of them will thrive and flower well in large towns, where their bright flowers are particularly welcome during the spring. The earliest to flower is *P. davidiana*, which usually opens its small pale pink blossoms

in February; this was described in this column on the 13th ult. Probably the best-known and most effective member of the whole family is the Almond (*Prunus Amygdalus*), which gives us such a charming display of its large soft pink flowers early in April. It forms a rather large, erect-growing specimen and is one of the best flowering trees that we have for planting in towns. Next to the Almond for effect must come the Peach (*Prunus Persica*), which is quite hardy in this country, although in most localities it needs protection to enable it to ripen its fruits. It forms a more spreading tree than the Almond and the flowers are a deeper shade of pink. A beautiful double-flowered variety with still richer coloured blossoms is known as *P. Persica flore pleno*, and where only one Peach is required for ornamental purposes this should be chosen. A beautiful shrub for growing either in the open or training to a wall facing south or west is *P. triloba flore pleno*. This has semi-double pink flowers of nearly the same shade as those of the Almond, the long wand-like shoots resembling thick ropes of pink blossoms in spring. As the flowers are borne on the young growths that were produced by the tree the previous summer, it is necessary to prune

back to the older wood immediately flowering is finished, then during the summer encourage the tree, by means of copious waterings and applications of weak liquid manure, to produce strong young rods for flowering the next spring. The pruning of all the ornamental Plums should be deferred until late spring, when the flowers are over, as the majority of the blossoms are borne on the one year old wood. *P. cerasifera* is the Myrobalan Plum; it forms a large, rather dense-growing tree, and produces its nearly white blossoms early in the spring. A handsome variety of this is *P. cerasifera atropurpurea*, better known, perhaps, under its old name of *P. Fissardi*. It has dark purple-coloured foliage, for which it is chiefly grown; but it also frequently blossoms quite freely in the South of England. Of the Cherries, which are now also included in the family *Prunus*, some beautiful subjects are to be found. Among the best are *P. Avium flore pleno*, *P. Cerasus Rhexii flore pleno*, *P. japonica* and its red and white double varieties and *P. Padus*, the pretty little Bird Cherry. In such an extensive family there are, of course, many others worthy of inclusion in a large collection. F. W. H.

PELORUS JACK.

THE Cook Strait, in which the Penguin, one of the fleet of the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, has just been wrecked, is situated between the North and South Islands of New Zealand. With these waters is associated one of the most remarkable facts in the world, and one which once again proves that facts are stranger than fiction. Pelorus Jack is the name of a large fish whose life seems full of romance and shrouded in mystery. He lives in Pelorus Sound, which is on the south side of this strait and a few miles east of the French Pass. He is protected by the New Zealand Government under the Fisheries Act of 1894. The fifth section of this Act provides that the Governor in Council may make regulations prohibiting the taking of any fish in such waters as he may think fit. In September, 1904, an Order appeared in the *New Zealand Gazette* that during a period of five years from that date it should not be lawful for any person to take the fish or mammal of the species known as Risso's dolphin (*Grampus griseus*) in Cook Strait and the adjacent bays, sounds and estuaries under a penalty of not less than £5 and not more than £100. No doubt this Act at first sight appears to protect a whole species of fish; but as there has never been seen any other fish in or anywhere near this strait which could possibly belong to the same breed as Pelorus Jack, there is no doubt that this Order in Council was made for his sole protection and that he enjoys the unique distinction of being the only fish in the world protected by Act of Parliament. There is no certainty as to the age of this fish, or for how many years he has frequented these waters; but there is no doubt that for at least thirty years he has piloted all steamers bound from Picton to Nelson for several miles on their way to the French Pass. It is a curious fact, however, that he always leaves a ship before the Pass is entered, and apparently returns to Pelorus Sound, where he awaits the arrival of the next. Day or night appears to make no difference to him, for he is always to be depended upon to make his appearance, and those who frequently pass through the strait can almost tell the moment when he will show himself. His length is estimated at about 16ft., and from the fact that he is of a light grey colour and comes to the surface to blow, he has been called by some the "little white whale"; but how he got into these waters is shrouded in mystery.

Many theories have been put forward as to why he should make a practice of accompanying ships passing



A GLIMPSE OF HIS FIN.

through the strait. It has been suggested that he comes to be fed; but surely if this were so he would not appear at the bow of the ship, but would follow at the stern. But the far more probable theory is that he comes to the bow of the ship to scrape the barnacles off himself, for he touches the ship as he darts from side to side. Many people seem to be at a loss to account for the fact that this fish should know when a steamer is nearing Pelorus Sound. This appears to be simplicity itself, as the sound-waves made by the vibration of the screw in the water would warn him at a very considerable distance of her approach. He can be seen making straight for the steamer when some distance away, on account of a large fin that shows about 18in. above the surface of the water. It is noteworthy that he seldom, if ever, joins a sailing vessel. He has no companions, is always alone and is an albino, which may account for his being an outcast. It is surely strange that, though this fish has been known to have been in this comparatively limited area for so many years, and though he has only recently been protected by the Government, he should have so long survived destruction. It is reported that he was once shot at by a passenger on this very steamer, the Penguin, and it is said this was the only steamboat that he would not pilot. The Penguin was wrecked off Cape Terawiti, the south-eastern corner of the North Island, and was on her way from Picton to Wellington, so would have passed the waters frequented by this fish. No doubt some superstitious people will say that Pelorus Jack was responsible for the wreck.

In connection with the length of time this fish has been known to have lived, it is interesting to recall an old Maori legend which may have been the means of protecting the fish from the Maoris. The legend relates how a tribe of Maoris set out in their canoes to paddle through a very narrow pass, but before they had made much headway two enormous fish kept swimming in front of their canoes and preventing their progress. These Maoris had eventually to abandon their enterprise. That night the land on the other side of the pass, for which they were bound, was devastated by a terrible cyclone, and the Maoris,

being a very superstitious people, at once came to the conclusion that these fish which had prevented them accomplishing their voyage were fish gods. There is also a story that in 1827, when D'Urville's expedition ship, the *Astrolabe*, was caught in a storm near Pelorus Sound, one of his crew was



SEEN FROM A STEAMER.

washed overboard and drowned. After this accident the Maoris noticed a large white fish near this Sound which always came up to their canoes as if he was looking for someone. They at once jumped to the conclusion that the fish was the spirit of the dead Frenchman, and so they called it *atua wiwi*, *atua* meaning "spirit" in their language and *wi wi* being their name for a Frenchman. S. D. GORDON WHITE.

LENTEN LEGENDS.

Tid and Mid and Miseray,
Carling, Palm, and Good Pas Day:

SO runs an old Lenten couplet, dealing with the Sundays in Lent, each one in country districts associated with some particular legend, and in many places still having a special dish allotted to the day. On Tid Sunday, for instance, in the East of England a very stodgy plum-pudding is made and eaten by labouring men's families, this being known as "Harvest Strengtheners," and the belief runs that whoever eats of this pudding will be fortunate during the harvest season, and that good luck will be his share.

Mid-Lent Sunday, sometimes called "Mothering Sunday," is usually kept as a kind of festival in various parts. In Gloucestershire the day is known as "Refreshment Sunday," it being supposed to be the day on which Our Lord fed the five thousand. The term "Mothering Sunday" appears to be most general, this arising through the country custom of lads and lasses away from home at service being allowed the day off in order to visit their mothers, it being customary to carry a cake to present to them on this day. The cake, of course, is the "Simnel Cake" of Mid-Lent fame, the curious name it possesses owing its origin, so it is said, to the following story: A married couple, respectively named Simeon and Nell, being very fond of the good things of this life, and tired of fasting during Lent, resolved to make a rich cake for Mid-Lent Sunday. They mixed the ingredients all right; but Simeon urged that when mixed it looked like plum-pudding and ought thus to be boiled, while Nell made fun at his suggestion, saying it decidedly must be baked. They came nigh having high words over it, when both realised their folly and, kissing each other, said they would do both, so that each should be pleased. Hence the cake was first boiled and then baked, and as it was a new dish the like of which they had never seen before, they decided it must have a name. Hence, taking their own names, and abbreviating them, they decided the cake should be called after them, viz., Sim, Nell, or Simnel. But other authorities say the name is derived from "simenele" (old French), or "sinnellus" (Low Latin), both meaning a bun or cake.

In Shropshire, as well as taking a simnel cake, it is usual to present the first violets of the year to the mother, hence the proverb, "Who goes a-mothering finds violets in the lane," this pretty custom also lingering in Gloucestershire and Herefordshire. The old writer Herrick sings:

I'll to thee a simnel bring
'Gainst thou go'st a-mothering;
So that, when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

Simnel cakes are made in different ways, but saffron appears to be used in all of them, also spices. North Country simnels are very rich with a layer of almond paste, while in the Midlands a hard, flat cake, much spiced, is eaten. At Bury in Lancashire thousands of people formerly visited the town on Mid-Lent Sunday in order to eat the simnel cakes for which the town was noted, the custom still being observed in a much smaller degree. In Herefordshire, Shropshire and other Midland counties the windows of the confectioners in Mid-Lent present a very gay sight.

Carling Sunday is kept in Scotland still, and "carlings" are eaten. These are peas soaked for fifteen hours, then fried in butter. In Wiltshire "furmetty," or "frumety," is the chief dish of the day. This is composed of wheat boiled in milk, then sweetened and spiced, while raisins are added by some people. In Thomas Hardy's novel, "The Mayor of Casterbridge," we find an account of the making and eating of this at a country fair. On Palm Sunday, in Oxfordshire, fig puddings are invariably made and served with a thick yellow sauce, somewhat resembling custard. Figs are also served as dessert on this day, and Sunday-school teachers have been known to complain of sticky fingers and surreptitious openings of concealed paper packages during afternoon school on what in the Midlands is known as "Fig Sunday." Dates are eaten largely as well as figs on this day in Spain and Italy.

On Passion Sunday herb puddings are made in some places, while in Holy Week each day has a particular dish. Thus Monday is known as Collop Monday, the menu being collops

of bacon and fried eggs; Tuesday is a second edition of Shrove Tuesday, and is called Pancake Tuesday; Wednesday is Fritters Wednesday, when fritters made from a very light kind of tea-cake paste are eaten, together with much dried fruit; Thursday is Bloody Thursday, when black puddings are prepared with blood, these being eaten in the Midlands by the humbler classes; and Friday, which is the fast day, is sometimes called Long Friday. There is a quaint saying in one of the old Romish Calendars that during Lent "beggars may eat what they can get," but on Maundy Thursday almsgiving would appear to be general. Probably the name is derived from the Saxon "maund," meaning an alms-basket, the name being still used in Scotland to denote a hand-basket. "Maunders" was the term applied to those who received alms. "Maundy Money" is still given to pensioners, but as late as the reign of James II. the King and Queen washed the feet of "maunders" who presented themselves at the Court on this day, afterwards distributing to them clothes and bowls of fish and bread. A similar custom is still observed in the Austrian Court.

Just before Easter it was customary for village children to go round to each house carrying small wooden blades or swords which they beat together, making a tapping noise, and singing:

Herrings, herrings, white and red,
Ten a penny, Lent's dead,
Rise, dame, and give us an egg
Or else a piece of bacon,
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Jack-o'-Lantern all,
Away Lent, away.

The goodwife who answered their request by giving them cakes, eggs, apples or money would be then serenaded by the refrain:

Here sits a good wife,
Pray God send her life,
Set her upon a hod
And send her to God.

But should the housekeeper be in an angry mood and refuse to give them anything, she would hear the following loudly chanted:

Here sits a bad wife,
The devil take her life,
Set her upon a swivel,
And send her to the devil.

As a curse evoked by children is regarded by superstitious folk to be especially likely to come true, it need hardly be said that the small imps usually got what they requested.

The custom of making "hot cross buns" on Good Friday is doubtless of pagan origin, the cross being used as a sacred emblem by the Egyptians, and the word "bun" being derived from the Greek. In Greek sculptures and paintings buns decorated by a cross have been often found, and two such buns were found perfect in the excavations of Herculaneum marked with a cross.

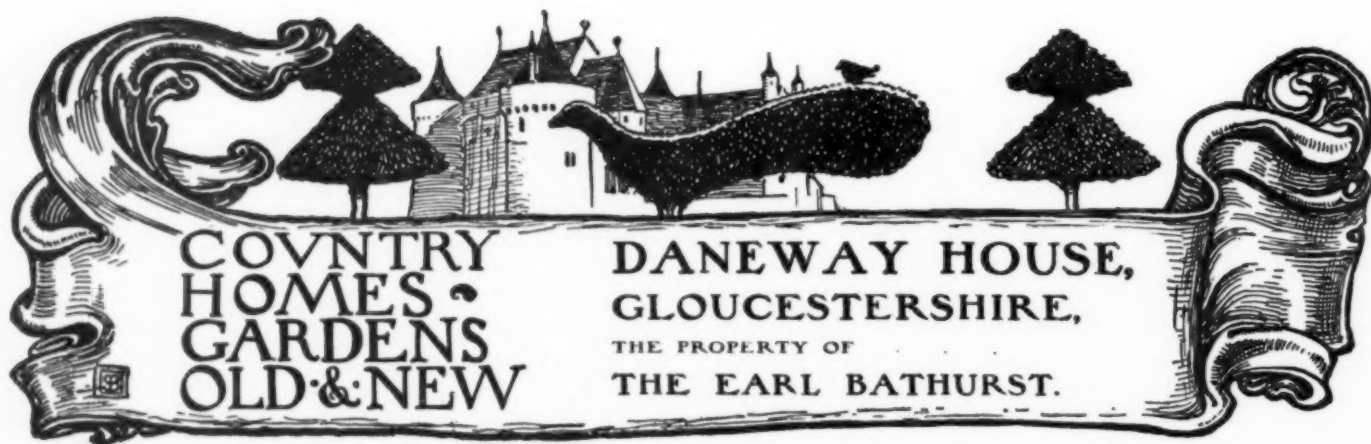
There still exists a very curious and interesting custom on Good Friday evening at the Widow's Son Tavern at Bromley-by-Bow. A bun stamped with the date of the year is placed in a wire basket hung from the ceiling of the bar; this year the sixty-ninth bun will join the dusty company. The strange custom owes its origin to the following pathetic story: Long years ago the tavern was a private house where lived a widow and her only son. The lad, in spite of his mother's prayers and tears, would go to sea, and left home on Good Friday, promising to return the next year on that day in time to eat a hot cross bun. The day came but not the lad; however, the poor mother set aside a bun for him, believing he would come to redeem his promise. Year by year, with saddening heart but hopeful eyes, she added a bun; but her lad never came, and at her death the practice was not allowed to die out. Another interesting custom has been practised for over 400 years on Good Friday in the churchyard of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, once the finest Norman church in London. On Good Friday, twenty-one poor widows belonging to the parish go to a grave on which as many sixpences as there are widows have been previously placed by the churchwardens. Each widow is allowed to pick up one of the coins, which are new, but there is no authentic record of the origin of the transaction, nor is it known who lies in the grave. Legend says it is a rich widow lady who in the Middle Ages died in the parish and bequeathed a sum of money to be paid for masses said for her soul each Good Friday. After the Reformation the money thus set aside had to be used in some other way, hence it was resolved that the interest on it should be paid to twenty-one poor widows in the form of sixpences placed on the donor's tomb, believing that the grateful prayers of the widows would have more effect than useless masses. The money has been supplemented of late years by some charitable person, so that now a new half-crown is given instead of a sixpence. M. KENNEDY.



Copyright

FAR UP THE CREEK.

H. P. C. Harper.



DANEWAY is a little Cotswold house which in situation and appearance has kept modernity at a distance. When one follows the lane up to it from the glen-like valley on whose eastern slope it is perched, one breathes the air of the England of Elizabeth. The spot is on the edge of the great stretch of mixed woodland and open fields which is largely included in the wide area of Cirencester Park, but which extends beyond even those ample bounds. Below it to the north lies the thickly-populated Stroud Valley, a region of ancient industry which has only half-suited itself to modern manufacture and has not lost its picturesqueness. Yet even that modified haunt of men Daneway ignores, for this tumbled region of hill and dale, full of folds and laps, produces a series of pictures, each one of considerable extent and great variety, but exclusive of the others. The ridges form boundaries, dividing the country-side into a set of provinces retaining their own independence and individuality. The nearer to Stroud the more does this individuality take the form of the clustered community. But at Daneway it savours strongly, overwhelmingly, of solitude. It still looks as if the petty lord of Daneway lived on his little domain, which was his world, which he and his few dependents tilled and husbanded, which only with toil and attention produced, for each according to his grade, the means of carrying on a frugal existence. It is, indeed, part of a large parish that has for several centuries numbered many souls and many workshops, but of which Daneway is the most outlying hamlet or tithing, lying on the edge of what was the waste, though in touch with the inhabited portion of the neighbouring parish of Sapperton, to which it seems much more closely linked than to its own church and manor of Bisley. The Gloucestershire

Bisley is now a parish containing over 2,000 inhabitants, and, judging from the number of its houses when Sir Robert Atkyns wrote the history of the county, it was probably of equal size and greater relative importance in the reign of Queen Anne. It had been part of the great possessions of the Mortimers, from whom it passed to the House of York, and so, with Edward IV.'s accession, to the Crown. Besides its central manor house, church and village, it had nine hamlets, of which Daneway, with its few fields encircled by the great woodland, was the ninth and last. As the Atkyns family was seated at Sapperton, and as the historian of the locality, even before his father's death put him into possession of that manor, lived at Pinbury, which is almost as close, we open his folio in the hope of finding some account of his near neighbour's house, but we suffer disappointment. The Atkynses had come of an "eminent merchant of Chepstow," who had moved to the neighbourhood of Gloucester in the sixteenth century. A hundred years later, his descendant, the elder Sir Robert, was a successful lawyer, rose to be Chief Justice of the Exchequer, and bought both Sapperton and Pinbury from the Pools. He established himself at the former, where he died at the age of eighty-eight in 1709, while his son, the antiquary, dwelt at Pinbury and only outlived his father for two years. They were people of importance, and Sapperton House, which has now wholly disappeared, was a fine manor house of which there is an engraving by Kip in the younger Sir Robert's "History of Gloucestershire." Daneway House and its owner were comparatively humble, and are passed over in that work in complete silence. Sir Robert refuses even to be concerned with the tithing after the close of the fourteenth century, and merely tells us that "John Clifford of Daneway held one



Copyright

THE SOUTH FRONT.

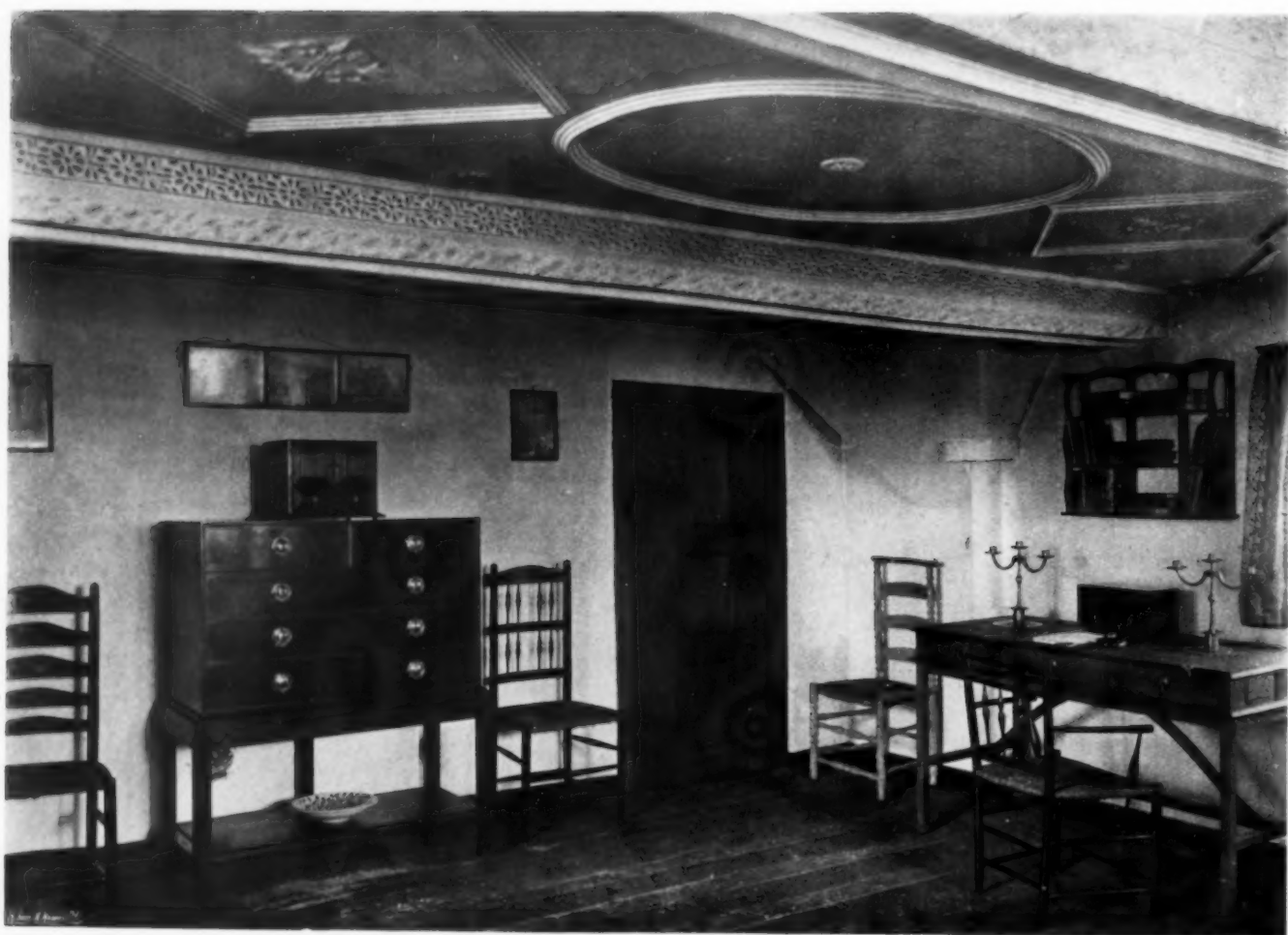
"COUNTRY LIFE."



COUNTRY LIFE.

THE HIGH BUILDING.

Copyright



Copyright

UNDER THE ROOF OF THE HIGH BUILDING

"COUNTRY LIFE,"



Copyright

THE ROOM WITH THE INTERIOR PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"

message and one plough's tillage in Daneway in 20. Ric II." We must be thankful for small mercies, and this piece of information is not without interest. Though the house was so largely extended and remodelled in the days of Elizabeth, or in those of her successor, we yet find remaining traces of Gothic work, and as these point to late fourteenth century origin, they may be the survivals of John Clifford's message. We find them at the back of the little court in the northern building, whose western gable retains some original features. It does not appear in the illustrations, but the character of the doorways in "The Entry" should be noticed, as also the beam and rafter ceiling in one of the downstairs rooms of the older part of the house. Even here, however, there was much altering and re-windowing when Daneway was given its present disposition. The date of the extensions is uncertain. Their architectural character and also the manner of the plaster-work ceilings place them well before the close of Elizabeth's reign. But into a far-away corner like this new fashions crept slowly, and a son was apt to follow in his father's footsteps long after he would have taken up with new gods had he been a town dweller. It would,



Copyright

THE TROUT ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

therefore, be rash, without documentary evidence, to assert that Daneway assumed its final form before the days of James I. But that does not alter the fact that, as a type, it should be included among the houses that have not reached so



Copyright.

A GOTHIC CEILING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE ENTRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

considerable an infusion of the growing classic feeling as is implied by the term Jacobean. From the old main house project southward two wings of totally distinct size, height and shape. The one is low and double gabled, the other is tower-like in its height, with one gable to each elevation. Between these two wings lies a narrow court screened off on the south side by a wall pierced with a round-arched doorway. Its head is rusticated, and there is its exact fellow inside the little court admitting, up a flight of steps, to the series of superposed rooms in the high building. These round arches are the only plunge the builder made into classic waters, and he felt that that was so wild an adventure that he framed them with a Gothic dripstone. The whole composition is one of satisfying balance, with a total absence of symmetry. There is nothing gaunt or violent about the high building, with its quintuple pile of windows on the south side, because it is set into and against the rapidly-rising bank to the east, which at a very short distance overtops it. Inside, besides the remaining Gothic features already alluded to there is a charming set of plaster ceilings and cornices. They occur in the rooms situated one each on the three principal floors of the tall building. That on the first floor was of such importance that a simple interior porch was panelled off. It bears a full seventeenth century stamp, but the plaster-work of the ceiling is arranged for and fitted to it, and the plaster-work is of a fairly early time. The plasterer's art came to England from Italy, and under Henry VIII. it was

still an exotic. Italians were employed at Nonsuch, and Charles Williams, who in Edward VI.'s reign appears as the first English stuccoist, had learnt his art in Italy. The rapid popularisation of the art and its adoption by native craftsmen as an everyday method is shown by its use at so modest a house as Daneway. But between the mode in which the art was practised by the Italians and that in which it was taken up by the English a great gulf is fixed. The very material is less carefully compounded for delicate modelling, though it has proved a right and lasting medium for the simpler, coarser work of the native style. The scheme of dividing up the ceiling into a design of curved and angular panels formed by small ribbing, after the manner of earlier ones in wood, was first adopted. Shields of arms, heraldic beasts and floral scrolls were then set in the panels, while the corners and inter-sections of the ribbing were enriched with fleurons, sprigs, rosettes or leafage. A very primitive example is yet to be found at Thorougham, an old house now used as a farm. It is in the same region as Daneway, and there two of the ceilings are almost as simple; but the third one, in the room with the interior porch, has a more involved scheme of ribbing and richer ornamentation. The larger panels contain bold but coarsely-modelled wreaths and within them rosettes. The smaller panels have a quadrant of sprigs, and there are single sprigs or fleurons set within and without the corners of the panels. A flowing vine pattern forms the cornice, and much the same motif appears on the enriched beam of the upper room. But in the third case there is more variety in the cornice. Part of it is filled by a running honeysuckle device, but above one of the doors this is broken by a row of five horses. Over the mantel-shelf a fat trout occupies the central position with fleurons

de-lys on either side, and between the fireplace and the stairway door the little figures may represent Adam and Eve standing by the Tree of Knowledge. As Elizabeth's reign progressed and that of James followed on, the plaster-worker, when working in the houses of the great, wrought in a more ambitious manner, and many elaborate examples of his art have been depicted in these pages. But this earlier and simpler Daneway work does not yield to them in charm. There is instinctive taste in its character, quantity and quality. It is entirely appropriate to its position, and deserves the careful study of those who are intending to take advantage of the revival of the plasterer's art and to introduce it in houses of modest pretension and rooms of moderate size. The uppermost feeling which possesses the visitor at Daneway is one of unalloyed joy at finding so typical a specimen of the little manor house of three centuries ago in so untouched and unspoiled a condition and in the hands of those who so evidently care for and appreciate it. The circumstances that have led to this happy state of things must be shortly told. If the county's earlier eighteenth century historian turned up his nose at Daneway, the later one did not follow suit. Rudder in the "New History of Gloucestershire," published in 1789, gives a most enticing if very succinct description of this little place, set, as he puts it, amid "deep hollows and little glyns of difficult access." He tells us that "Mr. Hancock has a good old house and a good estate at Daneway. His ancestors, from about the reign of Queen Elizabeth,

have carefully transmitted to him the fashionable household furniture of their times and an entire suit of man's apparel, not the worse for wear, which he prudently preserves as real curiosities and many people resort to see them." One would wish that this prudent preservation had continued to our own day. All ancient movables are gone, and ten years ago a Daneway, rather shabby, derelict and forlorn, was offered for sale. Fortunately it was purchased by Earl Bathurst, whose ancestor, the first lord, had added to the Cirencester estate those of Pinbury and Sapperton after the death of the younger Sir Robert Atkyns. The lands of Daneway wedged into them, and their acquisition was a desirable rectification of boundary.

But this also meant that the old house fell into the right hands. Lord Bathurst's antiquarian taste has led him to preserve it in its original condition, carefully repaired and maintained, but without any of the adjuncts and alterations which would have been essential to give it the accommodation and disposition demanded for modern inhabitation. About the time when Daneway passed to Lord Bathurst, Sapperton became the headquarters of a village industry directed by men deeply imbued with a love and an understanding for ancient forms and ancient processes. Mr. Ernest Barnsley, Mr. Sidney Barnsley and Mr. Ernest Gimson are among the leaders of the school that is seeking to create an original and living style in architecture and in the associated decorative arts founded not on copying old forms, but on accepting old principles and evolving from them products which, while they retain a flavour of the past, are fully characteristic of the habits and aspirations of to-day. Mr. Gimson more especially has organised and still directs the handicrafts which now give so much distinction to the little Sapperton community, and Daneway is available to him for use as a storehouse and showroom for some of the output.

The illustrations of interiors that accompany this article exhibit contents which fall into two categories. There is very simple solid furniture, made of one kind of wood massively used, which calls to mind the appurtenances of the little manor house of Elizabethan times, such as Daneway itself. Such are the dressers and tables, but the cabinets and other small pieces tell of a lighter style in more choice woods, varied, inlaid, veneered, reminding us of the fragile and elegant work of the later eighteenth century, while retaining a little of earlier seriousness. Yet if there is similarity to what has gone before, there is contrast also. Not a piece can be labelled as of a recognised age or school—Jacobean or Queen Anne, Chippendale or Empire. There is evident appreciation and knowledge of the past, but no servile copying. Of this we have to-day rather too much. The copyist is a worthy person. It is most proper that fine old pieces and forms should be perpetuated by reproduction. But copying takes us no further. Its adoption as a system is a sign of arrested development, of an age that is tired and will shortly decay. The Sapperton industry, in its own

manner, is virile and progressive. It may be remote from the great centres of modern mechanical production. Its environment—field and wood, house and church—may have a strong flavour of old times. Yet it aims at belonging to its own age. It wishes to be modern, but it has its own view of modernity. It still wants its craftsmen to be in fresh air, in touch with Nature, in employment of a kind that brings out skill and character, and affords variety and interest. Yet it does not wish to play a part in a mock mediæval comedy but to live realistically in the world as it is—or rather as it may be. It would sift the motley heap of ideas and aims, of habits and tendencies which yesterday and to-day bring to its door and piece out a wholly satisfactory to-morrow. Something of this is reflected in the furniture in Daneway, which, however, does not obtrude its lesson, does not make us think we are in the home of Sandford and Merton with Mr. Barlow speaking in tables and chairs. It does not set out to teach. It is not that often terrible thing, "art with a moral." We



Copyright THE DOORWAY FROM THE COURT TO THE HIGH BUILDING.

"C.L."

therefore are not bothered to learn, we may frankly enjoy. Yet if a moment of seriousness comes to us we may observe that here is a worthy endeavour to put the decorative arts on a wholesome footing, where objects which

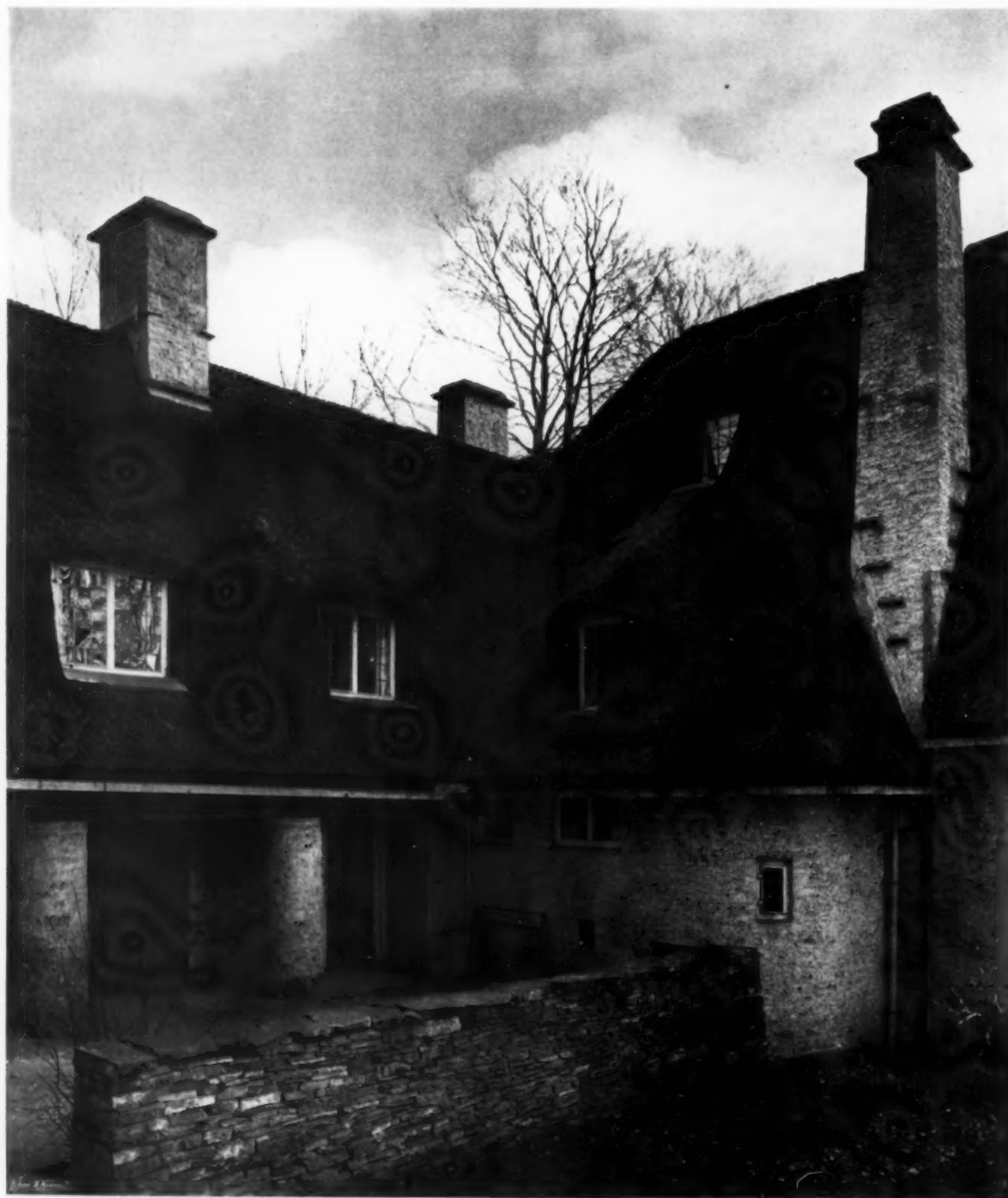
are what we want for use have the appearance which pleases the educated eye and have been made in right manner under right conditions. Let those who doubt go and see.
T.

LESSER COUNTRY HOUSES OF TO-DAY.

I.—A HOUSE AT SAPPERTON DESIGNED BY MR. ERNEST GIMSON.

MR. GIMSON'S name has already been mentioned in the previous article as the leading spirit in the Sapperton industries. His own dwelling, near Dane-way, but in Sapperton parish, is chosen as the first example of the series that is to illustrate the subject of pre-sent designs for small country houses. It is a case of an architect building for his own use, a circumstance advantageous to the result, which is thus the direct interpretation of an idea, and therefore this house is peculiarly one which offers the complete and veracious presentment of its originator's

character. He would not agree with Talleyrand that words are given to disguise thoughts; he conceives, rather, that not only words but even stone and wood are his for the accurate and direct expression of his thoughts, and he has therefore used his professional experience to enable him to make every part of his house vibrate in accord with his mind. When I saw the house I had the misfortune to miss seeing its occupant. I have therefore been led to treat it as if it were an autobiographical volume in which I read him to be a man with a personality, with decided aims, social and



Copyright

THE ANGLE OF THE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE WORKROOM VIEW FROM THE GARDEN.

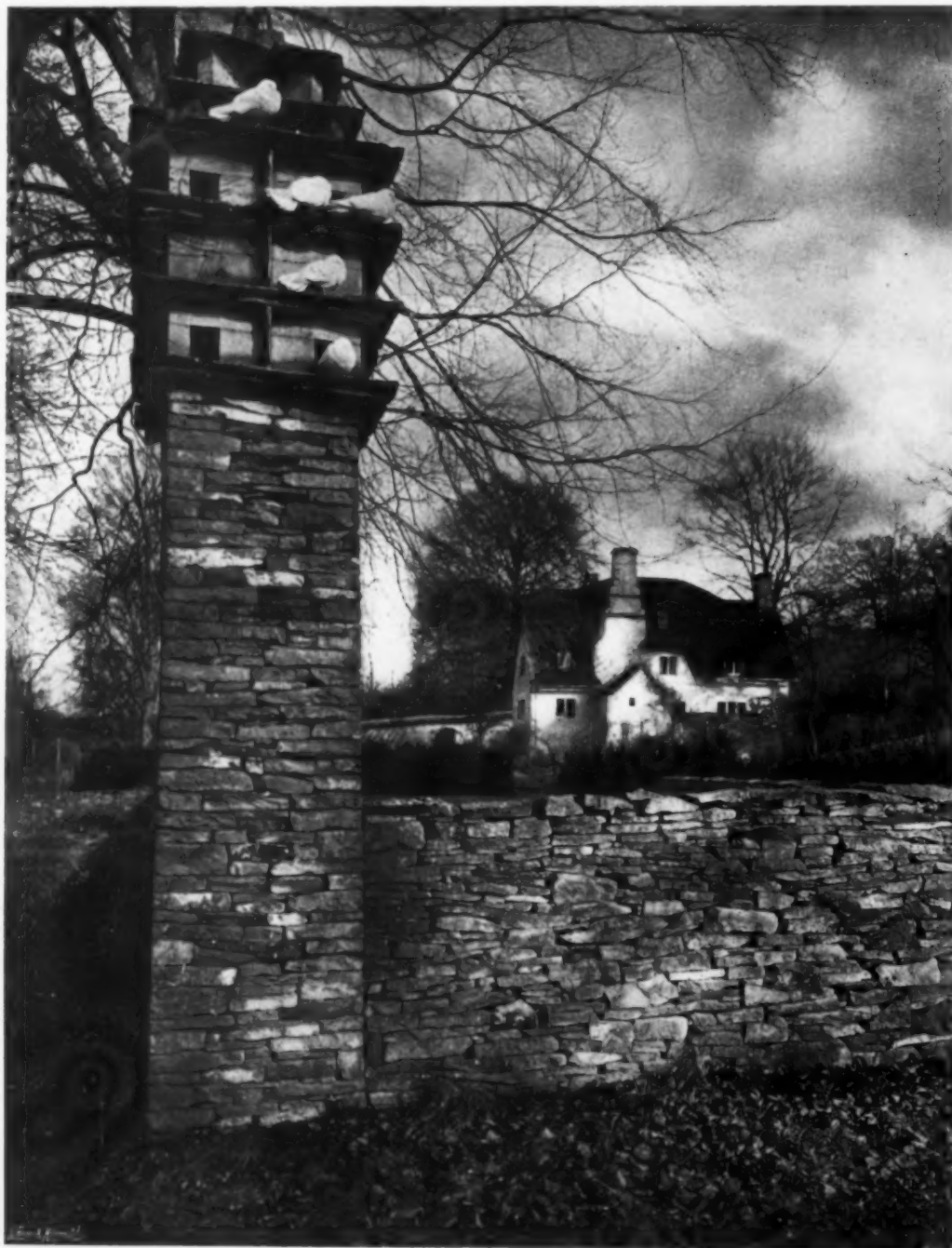
Copyright.

aesthetic, and with vigour of mind and body to pursue them successfully within the field of his operations and of his influence. The text of "plain living and high thinking" has been taken for sermons many in number and great in diversity. It is the corner-stone of this house, which rests on it securely and truthfully; yet it equally fits many another and quite different super-structure. In this particular case simple habits and informed thought are to have an environment resulting from delicate æsthetic perception, and forming a dominating influence. I judge from the house that its designer is something of a Socialist. His Socialism, however, is not that of the back street of the modern town—material, violent, narrow—but of old rural England, idealised by a somewhat eclectic study of the past, and a placid outlook on to the beautiful in Art and Nature. His

which has been laid down as the right end to hold in view. It is severely restricted in its accommodation. Not only is no ornate feature introduced for the sake of ornament; decoration is even absent from necessary features. But form and material, texture and colour have been so studied by an adequately trained eye that the whole thing is a joy-giving ornament to the charming spot of Earth selected for its site. Like Daneway, it is amid "little glyns of difficult access," whose steep and twisting banks, clothed in timber, enclose the view and give a sense of privacy and retirement to a house which is really in close touch with Sapperton Village. Past its church and the spot where once stood its manor house, a lane extends a line that horizontally bisects the hillside. At its end, and at the same pleasant mid-elevation, is spread out the cottage home, ample in its proportions

and extent by reason of the sufficiency of its adjuncts—shedding and workroom, yard and terrace, garden wall and yew hedge. Small though it is, it is a complete settlement for a family, not a cube containing so many rooms set down gaunt and unsupported on a roadside plot. The designer has considered the general lie and also each special undulation of the land. He has used Nature's differences of level and peculiarities of curve to weld his homestead into the landscape composition and to give purpose and distinction to its disposition. The building stands at the top of its ground and looks down into the narrow vale. Across a little raised forecourt we pass from the lane to the ample stone-tiled porch, which opens direct into what in old time would have been termed the house-place—the one and only sitting-room of the house. It is amusing to contrast the mental attitude which has dictated this arrangement with that one more usual even now, and much more so fifty years ago, when Mr. Robert Kerr wrote his "Gentleman's House." His favourite adjectives are "propriety" and "impropriety." To reach the former—even to understand how it is to be reached—is evidently a difficult task. The latter meets you at every turn, and you are up to your neck in it if your little villa has not exactly the same disposition as the mansion "fit for the purposes of a man of rank." Decent society will almost cut you if your kitchen doorway "exposes to the view of everyone the dresser or the cooking-range." But the real test of a man's worth is his mode of going to his meals, which he should call "the act of proceeding to and from dinner." A doorway between dining and drawing rooms is a "grievous informality" which even an intervening lobby scarcely palliates, for "how-

ever small the house may be, to pass through a door of intercommunication or to slip out of one door and in at the other is always undignified." What words, then, are there to express the case of a man who has positively abandoned "the act of proceeding to and from dinner" entirely; who passes through no doorways at all, but merely moves from one chair to another in the same room? Mr. Robert Kerr would have made short work of such doings. "This is not a 'Gentleman's House' at all," he would have explained, and he would have passed by on the other side in search of a "very superior house" where the drawing-room paper imitated white-watered silk, where the consoles of gilt composition imitated carving, and where the japanned iron coal-scuttle was adorned in front with a painted landscape and was called in the auctioneer's catalogue a



Copyright.

THE DOVECOTE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ideal must surely be that of the old free village community, altered to suit an age of larger organised masses and of wider humanitarian and intellectual intercourse. He would plead that there should be no extreme distinction of classes, no deep gulf between the mode of life of the highest and the lowest; but a pervading sympathy and neighbourliness of feeling, founded on a common intercourse in the various departments of labour in which all, in some one of its many forms, should be equally interested and engaged; and, above all, that those forms which are irksome and brutalising should be modified or abolished, for labour should be a delight and not a drudgery. I may not read aright, in which case my apologies are due. Yet, surely, this house, if any, is "the material expression of its inmates' habits of life and turn of thought,"



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE LIVING-ROOM.

Copyright



Copyright

THE GARDEN SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

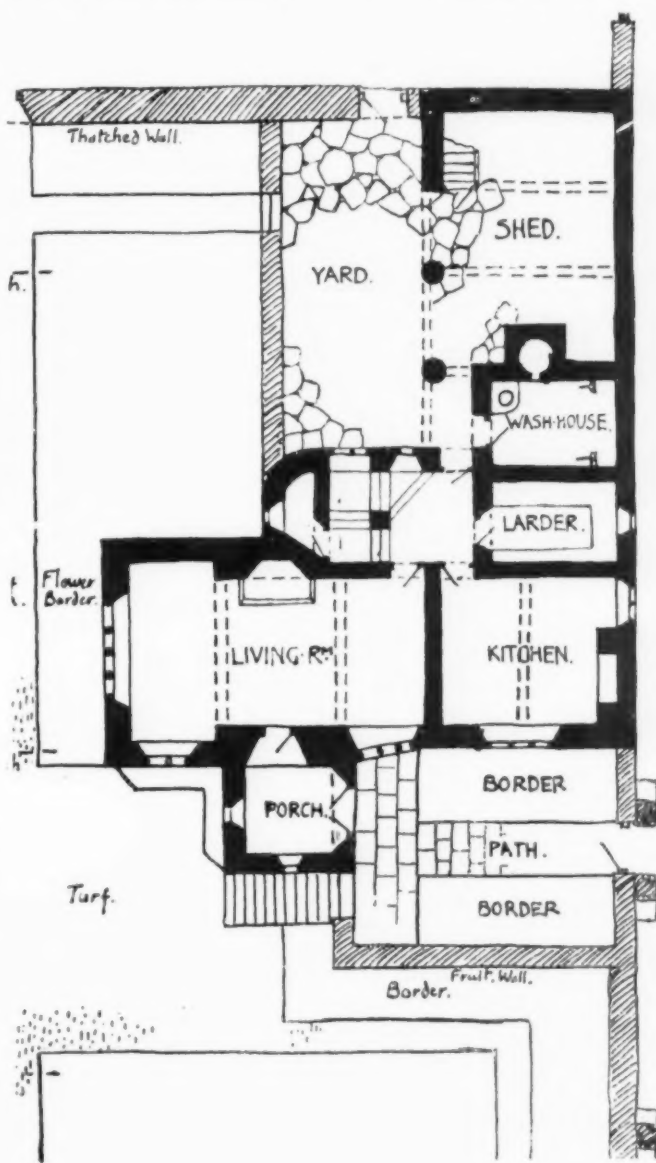
THE WAY IN FROM THE LANE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"purdonium, liner and scoop." There is, of course, no reason why a reaction from the horrors of a habitation planned, built and furnished under the inspiration of such principles should drive us as far along the road of simplicity as the house at Sapperton takes us. Yet it is difficult to approach, enter and examine it without being pervaded by the feeling of its sufficiency; without realising that here a real life may be rightly led, that a single living room may be a temple of elegance and refinement, while a "very superior house" may be a den of vulgarity and coarseness. What component parts does the room possess to produce this feeling? A floor of exceptionally wide oak boards carefully selected for their grain and figure. A white-washed ceiling divided into compartments by two oak beams, plainly chamfered and resting on stone corbels. Low walls whose thickness is revealed by the recess of the mullioned windows giving depth for a seat. A large open hearth containing logs that rest on wrought-iron andirons, while wrought-iron implements, perfectly simple and yet satisfying in design and craftsmanship, are set or hung around. The book-filled recess and shelves imply the student, the spinet the musician. There is practically nothing here which is not for use. Not only is decoration totally absent from the fabric, it is scarcely represented by any of the objects in the room except the one bowl of flowers—proof of kinship with Nature, of intimacy with her profusely-given charms. But this absence of ornamental superfluities produces no effect of conscious and militant Spartanism—no Trappist determination to mortify the flesh. It merely gives full value and effect to the quality of the furniture and implements. There is no elaboration or luxuriousness about them; they are almost austere. But they are all so right in their line and proportion, so finished in their handling and workmanship, that they fill in the picture, raise it out of the common and stamp it with character. The rest of the interior, kitchen and stairs, workshop and bedrooms, have the same merit and tell the same straightforward tale of their maker's purpose. Yet it is less the interior than the exterior of the house which arrests attention. This is partly because there is so much more of it. If the underlying principle demanded an interior which many of us might deem rather exiguous, the love of a free-handed use of material has created an exterior of considerable presence. The illustrations do it bare justice, not because the photographer has at all failed in his art, but because the lie of the ground and the presence of trees interfere with the best points of view. The wing with its open shed resting on rough stone pillars, and having the workroom over it; gives a valuable extension to the building, which thus acquires an L shape, and the angle shelters the yard. The gable end of the living-room, standing above the garden slope, affords, with the tall, massive chimneys, the vertical lines which aptly break the general horizontal sense produced by the descent of the roof to a single storey height. This roof is an incomparable piece of thatching. The whole scheme and its every detail have been carefully thought out as a matter of design and grouping, while the actual laying, fixing and dressing of the straw manifest the high point which the art has reached in the hands of Mr. John Durham, thatcher, of Fifield, Oxon. It was perfectly right to choose for the roof the material most characteristic of the yeoman homes of the English people. The Cotswolds, with their natural yield of stone tiles, were, of course, never an exclusively thatched-roof district, as are so many parts of Devon, Dorset and Wilts. The real home of thatch is the down country, where cereal agriculture freely yielded what

geology denied—a roofing material. Here, too, the thatch blends most perfectly with the landscape. The swelling outlines and suave hollows of the downs seem like the mighty model that was copied in the curves of the modest roofage of the habitations. But the Cotswolds were a wheat as well as a sheep growing region, and thatch was much used by the humbler folk, so that for a dwelling that aims at the expression of humility the roofage of the cottage rather than that of the manor house is rightly adopted. Indeed, it would have been a real loss had this house lain in a place where its designer's correct sense of adopting local material would have forbidden the use of thatch. He has a full mastery over it arising out of his warm sympathy for it. He knows that to stint it is false economy, that, if dexterously wrought, thickness means duration as well as equable temperature within the dwelling. The straw has therefore been used with lavish hand and its great depth at the eaves is most pleasant to see. But that is not all. From the thickness of this coating largely springs the excellence of all the roof

curves. The quiet swell of the hoods over the dormer windows reminds us of a summer sea. They rise out of and fade back into the general lie of the roof imperceptibly, and yet they reach a considerable elevation at their highest point. The ample fold wrapping round the living-room chimney and pouring over the round-angled projection of the staircase again brings to mind the action of the main in its most friendly embrace of outlying rocks on the Cornish coast. The humping up of the central portion of the roof for the evident purpose of giving headroom in the attic whose windows appear on each side of the ridge is one of the many instances where advantage has been taken of a necessity to produce a desirable effect, while the weaving and pegging of the ridge gives a charming finish in the manner of a hem-stitched edge to sheeting or table-linen. A roof of such ampleness and substance, although not really as heavy as one of stone tiles, calls for solid-looking walls to satisfy the eye. The thickness of the walls and the massiveness of the masonry of the chimney-shafts may be precisely gauged by a glance at the ground plan, but the full sense of this is also given by their appearance as shown in the illustrations. The rubble stone of the walling looks like a slice out of a Cotswold quarry, and its use for the pillars of large diameter on which the wing roof rests completes the sense of adequate solidity. Where the windows are stone-mullioned, an ashlar of good grain and vein, not too smoothly finished, is used in a large manner. This comparative roughness of the masonry surfaces and the careful dressing of the thatch reveal a due sense of the value of texture. However great the thatcher's skill and



GROUND PLAN.

finish, the straw will yield a surface of sufficient variety, and one on which light and shade will play a myriad of engaging pranks. But the mason's finishing tools must be used with judgment and withheld at the due moment. Here, that judgment is rightly exercised and that moment is exactly caught. We may imagine a well-combed head of wavy hair framing a manly countenance that shows the lines of thought and character, but glows with the rugged health of outdoor life. The care with which the external features and the general grouping have been thought out is well shown by the picture with the dovecote in the foreground.

Need more be said to prove that the house is a success and that it was built by a man who knew quite well what he wanted and what effect he wished to produce, and has had the skill to realise it. There is nowhere the obtrusion of a good feature overdone, nowhere the jar of a bad one half hidden away. The whole is an *entente cordiale* between the utilitarian and the beautiful. There is no feature, no material, no workmanship that sets out to

be ornamental, none that fails to be charming. The impression carried away is that the accommodation and the disposition desired were carried out in materials close at hand, and fell into the shape and assumed the appearance before us out of the sheer necessity of the case. It all looks as clear and simple as that two and two make four, and that is why it is a triumph. The road to success in the domain of art is apt to be through a very Slough of Despond. But it is the part of Art to hide the effort and the falterings of its footsteps and appear clean-footed and clear-browed at the goal of its endeavour. At Sapperton this has been done, and done without undue expense. In these days of processes and manufacture, when men's chief function is to turn a handle or stoke a fire, specialised handicrafts

successfully exercised are apt, however simple the outcome, to be costly. But this house has been built at 7d. per foot cube, and considering the amount and the quality of the material and workmanship and the special and individual characteristics of the work, this is encouragingly reasonable. It is not everybody's house. It is, in every sense, the home of its particular occupant, and that is its most priceless quality. But the general manner of it must warmly commend itself to all who look out, with intelligence, on to the problems of right living; and the fact that building and furnishing of this kind may be seriously attempted by the man of moderate means for his necessary home, and not lightly played with by the millionaire for his occasional diversion, is a matter of wide and deep importance.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THERE is much to stimulate an Englishman's intellectual activity in the fourth volume of M. Leo Claretie's *Histoire de la Littérature Française* (Ollendorf, Paris). It deals with the writers of the nineteenth century, and fittingly concludes a most interesting and brilliant work. M. Claretie is a writer of wide sympathies and many accomplishments. He is a critic with a genius for story-telling, and passes in review the figures of the period with so much human detail that he is scarcely guilty of one dull passage. Moreover, he consistently tries to show all that is best in each author without insisting too much on his own views and convictions, so that if he errs it is on the kindly side. Enshrined in histories of literature are the names of many authors and their works who, but for this artificial respiration, so to say, would speedily sink into oblivion. He would be a better critic than M. Claretie who ventured to strike out from his list those books which adorn every well-appointed library but are never taken down from their shelves. In some cases there may be only a temporary eclipse. When Clovis Hugues said to Victor Hugo one night, "Master, you are a star," the poet replied, "You are wrong. I am not a star but a comet. They will forget me. They will read me no more. That will endure for half-a-century, a little more or a little less. And then I will re-appear in the sky of art and will remain there evermore." The first part of this prophecy has been partially fulfilled, not only in the case of Hugo, but in that of every illustrious contemporary of his. When a man dies in our busy day, there is a burst of adulation over his grave, depreciatory criticism afterwards and then neglect. The restless century pulls down a shutter on the past and the crowd hastens to the newer sensation. And we doubt of the resurrection. Such deadly criticism has been directed to the weak spots of Hugo, taste in literary style has undergone so complete a revolution, that it is difficult to imagine any return to the old attitude. Who to-day, for example, would endorse Mr. Swinburne's opinion of Hugo? M. Claretie might have some such reflections at the back of his head, but he keeps them there. Anyone who desires to study his method of treatment may be referred to the paper on Lamartine, who is dealt with as one of the giants of his age. With fine tact and judgment the history of Lamartine is told, and the least read of his works summarised in most readable form by one whose eye for a fine passage is unerring, and finally those qualities which are expressed in the word "lamarlinienne" are skilfully disengaged. Is he sentimental? Yes, but he has lived the sentiments he has sung; it is his heart that he opens. He has little creative imagination. He excelled when development took its point of departure from a fact, preferably a fact in his own life. He knows less how to invent than to embellish, enrich, amplify, idealise. Gradually we are brought to the culminating point, which is that, although he has frequently been excelled in knowledge of technique, in variety and cadence, "very few have possessed in the same degree as Lamartine the knowledge of the harmony of words."

The historian of French literature has the advantage that the characters of his work had very lively histories. An English writer writing of the nineteenth century would have to deal with *dramatis personæ* highly endowed with the most respectable virtues. He would have to tell of the Lake poets, of whom the austere Wordsworth was a type, of Scotts, Carlyles, Tennysons, Thackerays and Ruskins who, whatever their other sins might be, did not rebel against moral conventions. A Byron who kicked over the traces, a George Eliot who deliberately set aside what she considered an artificial rule of life, were exceptions. In France it was otherwise. Alfred de Musset, the poet of youth and love—of whom George Sand, who knew him best, made the prophecy that the women of the future would be his sisters and lovers—has a history that might have come out of the Decameron.

Well and truly it is told by M. Claretie, who neither expresses sympathy with licence nor assumes the air of a schoolmaster. An apparent exception to the author's rule of kindly toleration seems to be made in the case of Verlaine; but even here it is not the poet's acts that are condemned, but the "animalité" of his attitude to women. Yet he was dominated by the woman with whom he lived. M. Claretie wittily likens his case to that of the poet Delille, whose wife, when he was paid at the rate of six francs a set, thought nothing of boxing his ears and locking him in his study with the command, "Go and make me some six franc pieces." His authority is a passage in the journal of the brothers Goncourt, which, however, might be ill-natured and malicious, like some other stories from the same quarter. He was also very much subject to influence. "Classic, Romantic, Parnassien, Symbolical, Decadent," says M. Claretie, "it would be easy to draw from his works proof that he was each in turn. He shook with every wind, leaned to every side." Not everyone will agree with the critic's opinion that the greatest work done by Verlaine is the lofty mysticism in which he sought refuge after being satiated with his "humains amours." We feel how conscientiously M. Claretie endeavours to do justice to this Ishmael of letters, and yet he is not so satisfactory here as elsewhere. There is something of Verlaine that escapes the meshes of his literary net.

No part of this volume will be studied more eagerly in Great Britain than the chapter dealing with the novelists of the nineteenth century. Dumas, who by so many is considered the first of French romancers, has to be content with a place in the second rank. The story is told of Lord Salisbury, who, having seen a light in the window of the Prince of Wales up to three o'clock in the morning, asked if he had been ill. "No," was the answer, "I was reading 'Monte Cristo.'" It was equally fascinating to R. L. Stevenson. There is no denying his influence, but it is equally easy to set forth his faults. A clever saying of Charles Monselet is recorded: "Vanity forms part of his talent; he is like a balloon that cannot rise till it is blown up." Mme. de Staël and George Sand, neither of whom is read now as much as she deserves, are accorded places of honour. In the work of the former it is character that makes the essay delightful. The "man-woman," as her lover Benjamin Constant called her, would be considered a terror in the society of to-day. Her conversation was likened to a storm. In Germany she asked Fichte to explain his philosophy in a quarter of an hour, and impertinently compared him to Baron Munchausen. Nevertheless, that she had profound thought and insight would be proved, if by nothing else, by her penetrating phrase, "Tout comprendre, ce serait tout pardonner." He would be a poor historian who could not write well on George Sand, and of her M. Claretie has given a most brilliant and fascinating sketch. It is very justly said that her amours belong to history because they grew out of her genius. She sought always a master she could not find—not in Jules Sandeau, not in Merimée, not in Musset, not in Michel de Bourges, not in Pierre Leroux, not in Chopin. She lived till 1876 and did not forget and obscure. It is difficult to tear ourselves away from her strange romantic history, but a word must be said of those who followed. With the disgusting realism of Zola the author has no sympathy. He dwells on the limitation of his insight, his ignorance of all except the sordid facts of his own day, and hints clearly that his grossness will shock the fastidious taste of the generations to come. On the other hand, the careful and highly-finished output of Guy de Maupassant receives praise higher than was bestowed on his master in letters, Gustave Flaubert. Himself master of a fine style, M. Claretie is well able to appreciate the perfection of that of Maupassant. "His style has so natural an air that it seems as though it cost him no effort. It is the perfection of art." Goethe said of his own style that it did not come to his sleep; that of Maupassant was acquired after seven years of hard apprenticeship.

under Flaubert. The story is brought up to very recent times by the inclusion of Daudet, Pierre Loti, Anatole Francé and Paul Bourget, to each of whom is given a discriminating appreciation.

Some Rock Flowers.

That Rock Garden of Ours, by F. E. Hulme (T. Fisher Unwin) The author has written several instructive and pleasant books, and the one under notice is not the least meritorious. It is full of useful hints, and the many illustrations are most helpful. We must, however, take exception to the introduction of tree stumps into the garden. It is mentioned that "they are not only pleasing in themselves, but they form a welcome home for ferns and other plants, and as they slowly decay away, give valuable nutriment as well." Our experience is the reverse. The roots bring objectionable fungi into existence, the very air smells of them, and the process of decay is not pleasant to see among a host of beautiful alpine flowers. It is gratifying to learn that the exquisite Cheddar pink (*Dianthus cæsius*) is in the minds of those who are working to preserve the English flora from thoughtless destruction. An extensive sale is pursued at Cheddar of this pink, the majority of the tufts being imported from elsewhere or raised for the purpose. It is comforting that the inaccessibility in many parts of the magnificent cliffs forms a protection to the plant; but as is pointed out, "Nature-lovers, fearful of the gradual extinction of the Cheddar pink, in view of this relentless uprooting, and the extensive blasting and quarrying that are gradually reducing the available area, have successfully introduced it into other localities. Even away up in far Stirlingshire, some 500ft. above the sea, we know of a locality where seeds sent from Cheddar have germinated in the crannies of an old stone wall and have taken most kindly to their new home." The same has occurred at Castle Cary, Shepton Mallet; so, as the author points out, if the Cheddar pink disappears from its original locality, it will not be lost to Britain. We have given these quotations to show the character of the book.

National Biography.

We have received the twelfth volume of the new issue of the *Dictionary of National Biography* (Smith, Elder). It includes the names between Lloyd and Mason and contains many of the most important articles of the work. Mr. Sidney Lee's Lydgate is a model array of facts in regard to that writer. The MacDonalds, the MacKenzie and many other Macs come into this volume, so that it has a distinctly Scottish flavour. The article on James Macpherson, the alleged translator of Ossian, is by Mr. T. Bailey Saunders, who considers the general charge against him of forgery to have been unjustified. "Arranged" is the word he employs. It should also be mentioned that the name of Mary, so full of romantic associations, is dealt with in this volume. The monograph on Mary Queen of Scots is by Mr. T. F. Henderson. It must be again repeated that this magnificent book of reference is absolutely essential to any well-equipped library.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Daphne in Fizzroy Street, by E. Nesbit. (G. Allen and Sons.)
A Literary History of Persia, by E. G. Browne. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
The Short Cut to India, by David Fraser. (Blackwood.)
The Straw, by R. Ramsay. (Hutchinson.)
Mars as the Abode of Life, by Percival Lowell. (Macmillan.)

["NOVELS OF THE WEEK" ARE REVIEWED ON PAGE LXVI.]

MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

POLITICS enter very largely into the *Nineteenth* this month. Turkey, India, Scotland, Australia, Ireland and military affairs are the topical subjects most dealt with, but there are also a large number of articles of general interest. Mr. E. K. Allen writes of the Public Trustee. On January 1st, 1908, the opening day, trusts with a capital value of £70,000 came into the Department, and by the end of the year some 400 current trusts were being administered, having a capital value of over two millions, while hundreds of intending testators had voluntarily informed the Public Trustee that they had made their wills and nominated him their executor and trustee, disclosing at the same time some general information as to the probable value of their estates at a total amount of nineteen millions. Some humour is mixed up with the account. A Border widower who lay sick, following upon his wife's death and who was in communication with the Public Trustee, implored him to seek suitable medical aid for him. The disease was obscure; London was ransacked; the specialist found. He not only consented to treat the case, but to do so free of cost, because he was interested in the patient. The good news was sent to the bereaved one, and next day came a letter, sparse in thanks, but accepting all arrangements made and enclosing local and general time-tables in order that the "Public Trustee might look out the trains." The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy pops up in this as it does in some of the other reviews, and has brought forward a well-informed article from Sir Edward Sullivan on "The Defamers of Shakespeare." A very intimate account of Edward Fitzgerald is given by Mary Eleanor Fitzgerald Kerrich. She gives many pretty details of Fitzgerald, of which here is one, the time and place being morning at Little Grange: "I can see Fitzgerald in the early spring sunshine, on the sheltered side of the house, pigeons fluttering, cooing, getting under his feet, so embarrassingly tame were they." Mr. J. B. Rye gives a very informing article on "Oxford and the Working-classes" in an account of the work done at the Ruskin College and other institutions of the same kind.

The English Review.

In this Review the most remarkable article is one by a writer, signing himself D. S., on "The Russian Spy System." It deals particularly with the Azeff scandals. We understand that the writer is a well-known Russian gentleman who has personal knowledge of Azeff, and these pages show how intimate is his acquaintance with Russian affairs. What will probably whet curiosity about the article is the rumour that Azeff is hiding in London at the present

moment to escape the sentence of death under which he lies. The most important thing in the article is to be found in the last two paragraphs. They deal with the *Tsar's Gazette*, a publication which is issued in a single copy for the Russian Ruler's personal use. How it came into the hands of the writer he does not tell us; but he declares that it lay on his table as he wrote. The following is the important passage: "Every few days the Minister of the Interior during his report to the Tsar hands over to his master a periodical account of revolutionary events. The Tsar reads the report immediately and marks it. Then it is sent back to the Department of Police, where it is kept in the greatest secrecy as a most precious relic because of the marks made by the Tsar upon it. At the end of every year all the numbers of the *Tsar's Gazette* are catalogued and magnificently bound. The number I speak of is for the year 1897. On the top of the first page of it is a broad blue pencil-line made by the Tsar himself, and close by this mark is written in the Minister's hand: 'His Majesty has deigned to examine this in Tsarkoe Selo. (Signed), Minister of the Interior, Goremykin.' Looking through this Gazette, we find in it numerous articles with reports of 'secret collaborators'—i.e., *agents provocateurs*—upon the doings of the revolutionary parties. We find there also letters stolen from Count Leo Tolstoy, Felix Volkovsky and others. We have, therefore, proofs that the Tsar knows of the existence of the *agents provocateurs*."

The National Review.

As usual this Review is extremely political. It contains articles on the "Naval Crisis," "The Front and Back Benches," the Democracy, the Suffragist movement, and the politics of Central Europe. The general articles, though few in number, are very timely. Everybody will like to read Major Baden-Powell's essay on "Law in the Air," a topic that may be expected to make a frequent appearance in the future. Another class of reader will be equally interested in Miss Helen Zimmern's "Fakes and Frauds," an important subject when everybody is more or less a collector. "John Dee and the Spirits," by Miss Fell Smith, is also a very attractive paper. In the "Episodes of the Month" the editor displays his customary energy and strength, if not violent, partisanship.

The Strand Magazine.

In the *Strand* this month, the best article is, perhaps, "My Best Portrait of a Lady," illustrated with reproductions of pictures by representative artists of different nationalities. Señor Ignacio Zuboga's portrait of Mlle. Lucienne Bréval would seem from the photograph to be a very attractive piece of work; but it may be doubted whether either Mr. Ellis Roberts or the Hon. John Collier are the best representatives of English art who could be found. Other interesting or amusing articles are "Spirit-Drawings," by Mr. Beckles Willson, "The Light Side of Finance," written and illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss, and "Some Wonders of Tropical Life," by Mr. H. F. Macmillan. Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema contributes a further instalment of his reminiscences, and there are several more chapters of Mr. Hall Caine's serial. There are also short stories by Messrs. Morley Roberts, W. W. Jacobs, E. Phillips Oppenheim and others. Altogether, a very strong number.

The Fortnightly Review.

If the *Fortnightly* had printed no other article except "The World of Life, as Visualised and Interpreted by Darwinism," by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, it would well have been a remarkable number. Here we have scientific learning at its very best. Dr. Wallace—far from following the example of those lesser lights of science whose language is a jargon—writes with a noble and almost Biblical simplicity, so that under his wizardry, a subject that in less skilful hands is forbidding becomes as interesting as a story. He has at his disposal a vast storehouse of information, but fact is never put down for its own sake. Not until one has finished reading is it realised what a vast amount of detailed scientific knowledge has gone to the making of the article. Both in the title and in the final paragraph we have a hint of the mystical interpretation of Nature to which Dr. Russel Wallace now inclines: "These unavailing efforts to explain the unexplicable, whether in the details of any one living thing, or in the origin of life itself, seem to me to lead us to the irresistible conclusion that beyond and above all terrestrial agencies there is some great source of *energy and guidance* which in unknown ways pervades every form of organized life, and of which we ourselves are the ultimate and fore-ordained outcome." This Review is otherwise very much taken up with politics, but there are interesting articles on "The Psychology of Acting," "A Garden Road" and "Coquelin." The author of "A Garden Road" suggests that the country should be threaded by a strip of land that would serve as a road for the vehicle of the future, and if no railway trains were run on it its beautification would be possible.

The Cornhill Magazine.

In the *Cornhill* Sir Arthur Conan Doyle puts a rhymed exposition into the mouth of Shakespeare. It is a complete condemnation of the Baconian theory, and clinches the argument as follows:

"I pray you look

On my presentment, as it reaches you.

My features shall be sponsors for my fame;

My brow shall speak when Shakespeare's voice is dumb,

And be his warrant in an age to come."

Mr. St. Loe Strachey has found a topic for a discursive article in "Pope and the Modern Woman." It is to be feared that the ladies who are seeking the franchise will not feel themselves highly complimented either by Alexander Pope or his commentator. Another literary article well worth reading is that of Mr. Sidney Lee on "Charlotte Brontë in London." Mr. Leonard Huxley writes well on "Charles Darwin," and there are two excellent short stories by "M. E. Francis" and Mr. George Young.

Fry's Magazine.

Fry's Magazine for March contains a number of articles of great interest to sportsmen and those who love the outdoor life, of which, perhaps, the most important is "The Secret of the Golf Swing," by Dr. Curruthers and Mr. G. W. Beldam, illustrated by some of the latter's remarkable "action" photographs. Other interesting papers are on

"The Racing Pigeon," by Mr. A. H. Osman; "The Art of Hurdling," by Mr. A. C. M. Croome; "The New Self-defence," by Mr. Bernard Parsons; "Hares and Hare Driving," by "East Sussex"; and "The Ideal Hockey Team," by Mr. H. M. Tennent. There are also a number of entertaining short stories, all of which are pervaded by the same healthy sporting tone which is the special characteristic of this magazine.

"THE REAL WOMAN."

MR. ROBERT HICHENS' play, "The Real Woman," presented by Miss Millard at the Criterion last week, is a criticism of the pleasure-seeking section of society as Mr. Hichens knows it. It attempts to contrast artificial with real emotions. But to mark this contrast successfully required a less conventional treatment than that of Mr. Hichens. When the novelist turns playwright we often get a mixture of literary dialogue and melodramatic situation, and the result is that the whole lacks weight. Mr. Hichens' theme is that the human heart is as a caged bird until it discovers the winged way to the hearts of others—the way which no selfish motive can disclose. His treatment is conventional, because, in adapting himself to the theatre, he has thought too directly of the situation, and his characters are merely its offspring. The dialogue has, of course, much literary skill; but the characters all talk in the same strain, because he is not fully convinced of their separate existence. The backgrounds are Mayfair and Poplar. Lady Arden is a rich, vain, much-admired widow, whose diamonds are more real than her emotions. Her worldly ability meets the approval of Mark Vernon, the proprietor of half-a-dozen newspapers, but a man still unsatisfied by his success. Whenever he adumbrates any sentiment his hostess switches off the conversation; for Lady Arden has too many admirers to think for long of a man who, she says, has lost the power to be jealous. Vernon has a young friend, Hugh Graham, who has renounced Mayfair and is working like a saint in Poplar. Carruthers, another admirer of Lady Arden's, who cannot open his mouth without disclosing his lack of breeding, offers Vernon £100 to £50 that Lady Arden will clip Graham's idealistic wings and bring him back to her world. Vernon, to show his confidence in his friend, takes the bet in jest when Hugh Graham appears. He has come to ask Vernon to go immediately to Poplar to see a boy to whom Vernon had been kind, who is dying from an accident. Lady Arden accompanies them as a nurse, and Vernon, seeing her motive, regrets the wager. The three reach Poplar and the room of Diana Woodham,

the dying boy's sister, whom Carruthers had at one time made his mistress. Graham, believing Lady Arden's frame of mind to be sincere, accepts her flamboyantly proffered help by making her clean out a saucepan, and by refusing to allow her to enter the sick room. Her composure is ruffled when Diana, still ignorant of the accident to her brother, comes home from merrymaking. The rich woman and the poor are making no headway when Graham re-enters and informs Diana of the tragedy. Lady Arden, who by now has rather lost the sympathies of her audience, melting at the touch of the girl's grief, is able to give her the sympathy one woman can give to another. The barrier falls; and Graham takes Lady Arden seriously. He discomferts Vernon by saying she attracts him, when Vernon can see nothing but a heartless *tour de force* of a fascinating woman who can understand a jest, but not deep feeling. The next day he asks her whether she cares more for Graham's esteem than for his. If for his, she must tell Graham her motive in going to Poplar. Graham arrives and makes love to her, expressing the feeling her sympathy for Diana had quickened in him. Carruthers interrupts, and the *dénouement* is stridently worked out by a quarrel between him and Graham about the former's treatment of Diana. Through him Graham hears of the wager, which gives Vernon the chance of telling a noble lie and Lady Arden of confessing her duplicity. Graham, whose manners, like his feelings, are abrupt, departs.

We get no adequate expression by Lady Arden of her feelings in that hour at Poplar or of the struggle that is mastering her from within. The truth is that Mr. Hichens has not drawn a real woman, so her conversation fails to convince us. She remains unsympathetic throughout, and we are not sure whether she takes Vernon as a *pis-aller* or not. The play is clever and at times most amusing, despite the fact that it is not a moving drama. Perhaps no one but Mr. Aynesworth could have prevented the prosaic Vernon from being a bore. The combination of suavity and bluntness which he imparted was admirable. Miss Millard had a difficult part, in which the link of Nature seemed to be missing. Moreover, it hardly suited her temperament. She scored in the serious scenes; but in the first act she did not convey the impression of an irresponsible person. Her method is so direct that it did not compass the moral curve which the character is supposed to describe. Miss Annie Hughes was distinctly clever as an amusing, if incredible, Duchess. Miss Kate Cutler, appearing only in the second act as Diana, showed herself an actress of exceptional talent and resource. There was nothing false in her emotion; it was poignant and pathetic. K. R. B.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE GOLFER'S FEET.

THIS is the time when the golfer begins to rouse himself from his winter discontent and bring out his panoply for a serious inspection before the opening of the spring campaign, and a few words about his equipment may not be out of date at the moment. It is well, in a work of art of this nature, to begin with the lowest understandings—the important and large piece of his outfit—the boots, perhaps the shoes. There is no doubt whatever (by which I mean that I think) that nails provide the best means to prevent slipping. In very dry weather rubber, whether all rubber or as studs in the soles, may be as good, or even better; but when can we trust this climate that it will keep dry all day? Moreover, golf is such a delicate business that even so small a change as that from rubber to nailed soles may put a man off a stroke or two and so lose him the match. He cannot afford the risk. The good nail is best. But there is a moderation to be observed in the use of the nails, and the golfer often overweights his feet very unnecessarily by their number, and often inflicts cruel injury on the green by their terrific length. The ordinary nail is good enough for the golfer and not a bit too good for the green. Such abominations as spikes or ice-nails are good for neither. As for the disposition of the nails, I have found that there is not the slightest profit in having any in the heels. You do not slip off your heels. It is from the ball of the foot that the slip comes, and it is at this point that you want security. I have tried a row of nails around the edge of the sole (the heel excluded), but hardly think this quite sufficient. It is more comfortable thus, especially for walking on hard surfaces, such as pavement, without a row of nails down the middle of the sole; but I think you really want this uncomfortable middle row to make you safe. And I like, personally, an iron toe-shield. Many of us wear away the soles just at the toes, and are fond of attributing it to our graceful and *Général*-like way of walking; but in nine out of ten cases it is because we rise on our toes during the swing and scrub away the leather. The toe-shield will double the life of the sole.

HIS HANDS.

With regard to hands, no good golfer in a general way of speaking (but Mr. Osmond Scott must be named as an exception, and no doubt there are others) plays in gloves, but "muffetees," or wristlets, which a kind lady friend will knit, help very much in keeping warmth in the fingers. A *propos* of the vexed question of the moment, a definition which shall draw the proper line between amateur and professional, it used to be said by them of old time that "an amateur is one who plays in gloves, but a professional

licks his fingers." However, we have passed all such fine lines of distinction now, and amateurs add virtue to their grip by the means which this dictum restricts to the professionals. If the golfer finds his hands sore, and apt to "sand-crack," he may very usefully put them in gloves when he goes to bed, the said gloves having been turned inside out previously and well anointed with vaseline. It is a great mistake to think that hands should be hardened to keep them sound. The skin should be softened and toughened, so that it will not crack; and the vaselined glove at night is a fine help to this.

THE AMATEUR DEFINITION AGAIN.

It is said that the Professional Golfers' Association have been discussing in solemn conclave the question of the amateur definition, of which we are beginning to get just the least bit in the world tired. Apparently it was decided to approach the amateur powers that be to consider the amending of the definition, but nothing is to be said expressly on the subject of amateur green "architects." If this is so, the professionals have acted very wisely, for the subject is one on which the weight of public opinion would rather appear to be in favour of the architects; certainly it is not at all unanimous on the other side. On the other hand, everybody sympathises with the professionals in the matter which they are said to be specifically bringing before the authorities, namely, the under-selling of the club professional by a member of his club. Nobody denies that such behaviour is eminently undesirable, but to forbid it by definition is far from easy. The present definition only professionalises a man who makes a ball for pay; this is perhaps too narrow, but it surely would be too wide if it included everybody who sells a golf ball: all the shareholders in the Army and Navy Stores would lose their amateur status at one fell swoop. This under-selling business really seems a more suitable subject for purely domestic legislation; a member who should make a practice of selling in a club at fivepence a cigar which the club sells for sixpence would very soon hear from the committee on the subject. It does not need an Act of Parliament to deal with him, and these sordid traffickers in golf balls should be treated in the same way.

GOLF AT BIARRITZ.

While the interest in golf is diminishing in Pau, it is growing elsewhere in the South of France, both on the Riviera and along the shores of the Bay of Biscay. At Biarritz they have the ordeal by ballot for starting, such as at St. Andrews and other great resorts of the golfer, and it is unquestionably an evidence that the golfer does, after all, play the game for pleasure that this should be the case. It is absolutely impossible to conceive a green which more painfully outrages the delicate sentiments of the golfer of the "made courses," of the correct putting greens and beautiful lies through the green,

than that of Biarritz. There is hardly any "through the green" at all, and the putting greens have to be devised; but all the golf, every stroke of it, is amusing. It all means something, *i.e.*, that you are on the green if the stroke is good, that you are in the worst possible abomination of bad lies if it is a failure. The golf is all dramatic. You cannot top the ball along the carpet and find yourself no worse off than the man whose stroke has been perfect, as happens on the blameless courses. It is interesting. And that is why there is a crowd and a ballot. The interest is of much greater importance than the blameless lie.

THE COMMITTEE YEAR BOOK.

The Committee Year Book has come up again, like a hardy annual, and no doubt we may take this continued existence as a sign that the work is appreciated and is found of good use by committee-men. Its make-up is much as we have known it in other years, with the new rules, pages for entry of minutes and instructions to the greenkeeper, articles consisting of comments on the new rules, on the construction of artificial hazards, on getting rid of worms in putting greens and so on. A list of clubs (in the social, not in the hickory and beechwood sense) is added, and the advertisements (again significant that the book is liked) occupy more pages than before.

CAMBRIDGE AT THE OLD DEER PARK.

Cambridge had a good chance of breaking their recent disheartening sequence of defeats last Saturday, for the Mid-Surrey team against them was certainly not overpoweringly strong. Mr. Fry, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Doherty, to mention only three names, being absent. However, it proved just good enough to win by the odd match, and Cambridge will certainly have to be playing better than this by the time they get to Sandwich. Of their victorious team last year six remain, and there are also three very useful new players—Mr. Ireland, who also represents his University at cricket and hockey; Mr. E. R. Campbell, who has a fine, slashing style, indeed, his club goes as near to knocking the ball off the tee in the back swing as that of any player the writer has seen; and Mr. Walker, who, we believe, comes from that excellent golfing school, North Berwick. Six and three make nine, and the University match is played by only eight a side, so that there appears a possibility of one of those graceful retirements by Old Blues which are occasionally necessary.

HAREWOOD DOWNS REVISITED.

On a singularly bleak and snowy day last week the writer of this note revisited the new course at Harewood Downs near Chalfont, which he had last seen on a blazing afternoon in June. The change in conditions was certainly for the worse, but the change in the course was much for the better. For one thing the turf, which in the summer was rather bare and stony, has come on a great deal, and for the most part the lies throughout the green are quite good. Then there have been a good many more bunkers made, and there are going to be a great many more. One of the chief difficulties that the golf architect has at Harewood Downs is that he has not a great deal of natural rough to help him; in the summer, of course, the discreet use and abuse of the mowing-machine will do a great deal, but there is a great deal also to be done by bunkers, and so a vigorous campaign of bunkering is being undertaken. Best of all, however, is the determination to relay many of the greens. The turf on them is good enough, but the slopes on which they were originally made were far too fierce, so he who was above the hole was lost. As soon, however, as the weather permits, the levelling process is going to be taken sternly in hand. All these multifarious operations are being directed by Major Williams, of Northwood golfing fame, who is now the secretary at Harewood Downs. He has got plenty to do there, but is setting about it manfully. He has at least got some good

material to work on—good turf, plenty of room, some really excellent natural holes and, it may be not immaterial to add, a pretty wooded landscape for the wandering eye of the golfer.

FEATS OF LONG DRIVING.

There is nothing more difficult than to receive with the proper admixture of awe and credulity the stories we are told of prodigious driving feats. We visit a course for the first time when the ground is very soft and muddy; there is a raging hurricane against us, and we reach the first green after a struggle with two drives and an iron, and then, just as we are congratulating ourselves, our opponent tells us airily that So-and-so has driven that green. We do not actually call him a liar, but we probably leave him in little doubt as to our opinion, and yet he most likely spoke the exact truth. Given hard ground and a wind behind, and all things become possible. The number of greens at Walton Heath that Braid has reached in one shot is astonishing; to reach the thirteenth off the tee seems simply incredible, and, needless to say, Braid had to run through a gap in the bunker to do it. Then at the fourteenth, where most of us take a good honest iron shot for our second, Braid's tee shot nearly amputated the finger of a gentleman who was, all unconscious of his danger, picking his ball out of

the hole. So far, curiously enough, the eleventh, which seems more possible, has proved too long for him, though he has got within a foot of it. How long these shots are in the matter of yards we hesitate to say, but it would never occur to the ordinary visitor that the holes could possibly be reached under two. What, again, is more difficult to believe is that Mr. Blackwell's tee shot going to the last hole at St. Andrews rattled against the steps in front of the clubhouse; it is only possible to say, with Dominic Sampson, "Prodigious!" The longest shots we remember to have seen recently with our own eyes were Robson's two shots during the *News of the World* Tournament, which landed him on the second green at Mid-Surrey, a feat that none of the other professionals there came near to equalling.

H. H. PRINCE ALBERT OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

It would be impossible to find anywhere a keener golfer than Prince Albert. He spends much of his time in Germany, where he has little time or opportunity for golf; but when in England he is constantly to be seen at Sunningdale, and he is also president of the new club at Stoke Poges, in which he takes a great interest. He plays a very good game, driving a pretty ball with a nice easy swing, and is, moreover, on his day a most deadly putter. Prince Albert is also an enthusiastic cricketer, and is, indeed, a most excellent all-round sportsman.

CORRESPONDENCE

A CADDIES' CLUB.

SIR,—I have read with much interest, on page 322, February 27th, the article in your journal as to caddies. Perhaps the enclosed cutting from a local paper of Saturday last may have some bearing on the subject. The bulk of the Birkdale Golf Club caddie boys have already joined the special club at a subscription of 1d. per week, and although we had a roughish and hitherto uncared-for class of lad to work upon, there are now very hopeful signs that the status of the boys will be very much improved. Of course, it is a venture, but so far we have no reason to regret our action; not only do the lads seem brighter and better, but those who have carried out the scheme feel rewarded for their efforts.—G. A. MATHER.

[We have read the cutting enclosed by our correspondent with interest. We gather that a suitable club-house has been secured, and that the objects of the club are to see to the general well-being of the boys, to make grants in cases of necessity towards food and clothes for them, such grants to be systematically registered, and to provide amusements and occasional evening classes.—ED.]



H.H. PRINCE ALBERT OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FRUIT TREE PLANTING—THE WOBURN EXPERIMENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The new method of fruit tree planting in the Woburn experimental grounds has aroused the utmost interest among thoughtful horticulturists. It shows that the old and generally accepted way—that of a thorough trenching of the ground, the laying out of the roots with special care in preserving the finer fibrous ones and a firm but gentle filling in of the soil—gives results less satisfactory to the growth of the tree than a method which would have hitherto been condemned as careless and even destructive. It consists in tearing away or ignoring the finer fibres, digging a small hole in unprepared ground, thrusting in the plant without any care for the position of the roots, and then ramming the earth round the roots as hard as possible. Fruit trees thus planted and lifted for examination after three years are found to have developed more and better roots, and correspondingly better top growth, than those that were planted in the usual careful manner. Trials have been made with over 2,000 trees, planted by ten different hands in seventeen different localities and in eight different counties, and in all cases the advantage of the rougher method is proved. The discovery came about in a way quite unexpected. One out of sixty pots of apple trees, which received various kinds of experimental treatment, was planted in violation of the accepted canons of good practice, in order to show the importance of careful planting and to afford an object-lesson to visitors of the evils of bad planting. These trees, however, did rather better than their properly planted neighbours. Further experiments in bad planting were continued for a series of five years, confirming the fact that the accepted methods of planting were not the best. The present (ninth) report of the highly interesting results of these experiments has been submitted to some of our best fruit experts. Mr. George Bunyard of Maidstone suggests that the treatment is probably more suitable for trees on the paradise stock, but is open to conviction and will try some rammed trees. Mr. Owen Thomas reserves his adhesion till such time as the roughly treated trees shall have reached maturity, considering that as the roots reach the outer, unprepared soil the trees may go back and produce crops of comparatively worthless, under-sized fruit. This is a doubt that time only can set at rest. Meanwhile, amateurs have been trying the hard ramming in the case of rose trees with conspicuous success. Mr. Peckering, F.R.S., co-worker with the Duke of Bedford on the experiments and co-author of the report, has replied to Mr. Bunyard to the effect that the trials have been made equally on the dwarfing paradise and on the free stocks, and that the result is the same in both cases. The trials have not been confined to matters connected only with hard ramming and intentional or accidental root injury, but also range over comparisons of deep and shallow planting, planting above ground level, arrangement of trees in plantations and so on; but it is to the ramming and root injury that attention is chiefly directed. Though there are fifty-two pages of the report devoted to this portion of the subject, there are still points on which readers desire to be informed. Thus, in the case of trees with roots doubled up and tightly rammed, it is not made clear how much of the advantage is gained by the doubling up and how much by the ramming—whether any merit is ascribed to the doubling up or whether it is merely considered immaterial. The reader would also like to ascertain whether the whole advantage of the ramming lies in the close contact of the earthy particles with the roots, or whether the ramming causes a slight grazing or bruising of the root skin, and therefore incites fresh root formation. We know, in the case of layering branches of shrubs, that root formation is accelerated by a grazing or nicking of the bark, and we surmise from observation that the formation and functions of the skin of the tree both above and below ground are to some extent alike or interchangeable. This is clearly seen by the roots of trees that occur in sandy banks. The sand, crumbling away, exposes the root; the exposed root acquires a new covering and in time a true bark, in no way distinguishable from the bark of the trunk and branches. Those who have any acquaintance with the physiology of plant-life know that injury of surface may stimulate to more than merely remedial action, a fact of which advantage is taken in horticultural practice. The bulb-grower scores his hyacinth across and across, and it produces a quantity of small bulbs. The propagator of generaceous plants lays down a leaf, having slightly cut the prominent back veins, and the leaf throws out roots close to the cuts. It would, therefore, be instructive if a fruit tree were taken up again immediately after ramming, and the bark of the butt and surface of the roots closely examined (microscopically, if necessary) to ascertain the degree of abrasion they have sustained, for it seems not impossible that it is not close contact only, but also abrasion, that may be an exciting cause of the increased root formation so abundantly proved by the Woburn experiments.—GERTRUDE JEKYLE.

THE TREATMENT OF DORMICE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very much pleased with the charming illustrations of dormice in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, and should be very grateful if you or any of your numerous readers could tell me whether these little creatures thrive when kept in captivity. I am thinking of using a kind of aviary in a garden, with a small box for nesting purposes. Do they require any liquid or moist food?—J. G. DAVENPORT.

[Miss Pitt says: "I wish I could help your correspondent, but my experience of captive dormice is not very large. I had one several years ago that I kept in good health on nuts, bread and an occasional apple or pear, and I always allowed it a supply of water. I should think the mice ought to do well as suggested, especially if they have plenty of warm, dry bedding. The latter is an important point with all imprisoned animals. I should say 'no' to moist food, as it is not at all the sort of thing they get when in a state of Nature. Their natural food is nuts of all sorts, berries, insects for a change, and for liquid, rain, dewdrops, etc. But, I must repeat, I do not know much about them in captivity, so cannot really help very much."]

METEOR OBSERVED IN DORSETSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A splendid meteor was observed here last evening (February 22nd). It appeared in the south-east and shot across the sky westward, till it reached the centre star of Orion's Belt; here it suddenly dropped, at right angles to its former course and towards the horizon, for a distance that appeared to exceed slightly the width of the same belt. At this lowest point it was joined by another equally luminous trail of light, not so long, coming more directly from the south, but below, and nearly parallel to, the first. The strange part was that all these three lines of light remained like a wide ribbon, shining with a radiance equal to the stars around them for about 30 min.; and another peculiarity was that the ends of both tails were curved in a rounded hook. The meteor first appeared about 7.40 p.m., though the exact moment was not noted. It would be very interesting to have a scientific explanation of this strange and beautiful phenomenon.—THEODORA GURST.

BIRDS IN LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"J. R. Harding" may like to know that all this winter I have had great tits, blue and coal-tits feeding from a lump of suet hung up outside a bedroom window in Cadogan Place. There appear to be several of them in the gardens opposite. They were some little time at first taking to the suet, but the coconut, also hung up, and generally such a favourite food with all the tits, they never took to.—E. MONTGOMERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The black-headed gulls which visit London each winter have been reinforced of late by common gulls and a few herring-gulls. On February 15th, during a walk along Chelsea Embankment and Grosvenor Road, I saw many common gulls, both full-grown and immature, on the mud of the river. There were still traces on the full-grown birds of those dark markings on head and neck which they assume in winter. I noticed also (and this was very apparent when looking down from the Embankment) that, when the wings are furled, two well-defined white crescents, in striking contrast to the bluish grey of the mantle, are visible on the backs of the adults. The bills of the immature common gulls had black tips, which, so far as I could see, were lacking in the full-grown birds. On February 17th a few common gulls and an immature herring-gull were on the ice-covered Serpentine; and on February 22nd some common gulls on the frozen lake in St. James's Park fought for scraps of food thrown from the bridge as eagerly as did the black-headed gulls. Many of these, by the by, have already assumed their brown hoods. The black-headed gulls on the river have a habit (only sparingly indulged in by other species, as far as my observation goes) of standing in shallow water, frequently in a row, and with rapid backward action of the feet treading and scratching up the mud for food, which they devour as it rises to the surface.—J. R. HARDING.

ENGLISH EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am glad to find that "B. V." agrees with my main contention, and that he raises a specific objection to the practicability of my idea; it affords an opportunity of putting the matter in a more concrete form and adopting a definite plan of action. Our notions may differ as to what constitutes a "prohibitive" price. It is an acknowledged fact that eggs contain more albuminoid matter and less fat than the same weight of butchers' meat, and that they cost less for cooking and dressing. Now 1½ lb. of rump steak at 1s. 2d. a pound would come to 2s. 0½d.; this is equivalent to eggs at 2d. apiece, for I find that twelve eggs, taken up at odd intervals and averaged, weighed 1½ lb. Last year the average wholesale price for eggs was just over 1s. 2d. a dozen, so I take it that the retail price for "shop fresh" approximated 2d. apiece. My idea is that for eggs straight from the nest to the breakfast table there would be a good demand at 2s. a dozen. Postage and packing would cost 6d. and the poultry-keeper would get 1½d. for each egg. This price would repay him for the extra trouble involved and the plan would secure absolutely fresh eggs to the consumer; and I think that if the idea took root there would be no difficulty in finding in most of our villages a reliable man who would put producers and consumers into communication with each other.—W. G. W.

CASH v. CREDIT IN ENGLISH VILLAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The degree to which the poor are dependent upon the pawnbroker has lately been illustrated by occurrences in Cardiff, and there is as little doubt of the usefulness of the system of money-lending called pawnbroking as of the haphazard manner in which the lower classes throughout the country live. Casual employment with all its risk and uncertainty is, of course, one of the main causes of the pawnbroker's prosperity, though not by any means the only one, especially in the towns; but the village, too, has its share of trouble owing to the lack of ready money, and so the credit system, without which business would be impossible under existing conditions, thrives there to a marvellous extent. When kept within reasonable limits the forbearance shown by traders in their dealings with customers works out equitably enough, the shopkeeper balancing the irreducible minimum of bad debts by enhanced prices all the way round; but a peculiarly distressing case of suicide which took place in a quiet Berkshire village a few months ago will serve to show the difficulties to be faced by the shopkeeper who sympathises with the real or alleged poverty of those whom he supplies with the necessities of life. The man in question was the village baker, in a comfortable way of business, and universally respected; indeed, so strong was the confidence felt in his commercial "soundness" and integrity that he was trustee for some local funds of limited amount. One day, however, the village was shocked by the discovery that he had committed

suicide in a peculiarly determined manner. The only reason alleged for the act was that he was unable for the moment to make good a matter of £10 in connection with his trust-moneys, while at the same time it was said that he could, while standing at his shop door, look round the green and see houses that owed him, taking one with another, at least £100 for bread. This, of course, showed him to be a bad business-man; but, as was stated afterwards, he could not bear to hear stories of starving families and children crying for bread so long as he had loaves in his shop lying ready to be eaten. So the tragedy took place, and opinion was severely shocked for the time by the needless act of desperation. What made the circumstance still more distressing was the fact, which was severely commented upon, that many of those whose unpaid accounts had driven the soft-hearted shop-keeper to ruin were, not labourers out of work, but people of a superior station who had taken a mean advantage of his misplaced leniency. The story is not a pleasant one, but it may serve to emphasise the difficulties of the trader in the average English village. He must give credit or lose custom, and the branches of the various co-operative stores with their system of profit-sharing do not tend to make his position any easier. These country "stores" have spread to an extent which the ordinary townsman can hardly realise, and it may be that their growing success may mean the final extinction of the old system of private trade. But, however this may be, it is certain that the credit system must be reduced to the limits of reasonable safety if such tragedies as that here related are to be made impossible. "Ah! take the Cash and let the Credit go," said the Philosopher, and there is much practical wisdom in his dictum. But the practical difficulty of the trader, whether in town or country, lies in getting hold of the cash. The lessening of the amount of "bad debts" is the crucial problem of trade all the world over and in every age.—A. H. P.

OLD PEWTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of February 27th Miss Pitt enquires as to a wavy edged pewter plate, of which she gives a photograph. Such plates may sometimes still be picked up, although they are not, of course, to be found every day. At the Loan Exhibition of Old Pewter at present being held in Glasgow there are several, notably one belonging to the Corporation of Glasgow and a set of four belonging to a private collector, all of which have a mask Dhue. Miss Pitt's plate has, as I make out, a shell. Photographs of a large number of pieces in the exhibition may be obtained from the curator of the Pewter Exhibition, Provand's Lordship, Glasgow, and I think that one of the groups contains one or more of these plates.—L. C.

OLD ROUEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While strolling through the city of Rouen recently, I came across a large hoarding within which building operations were being conducted. Prompted by curiosity I passed inside and found some old houses in course of demolition, disclosing a veritable gem of Norman architecture. The colouring of this scene was exceptionally fine, the old dial being originally painted a bright blue picked out with gold, which under the mellowing influence of time had come to harmonise with the surrounding woodwork in a wonderful manner. I have no doubt that by now a hideous modern structure has arisen, once more hiding this beautiful old place, and I am, therefore, glad that I was able to obtain a record of it by means of my camera, and have much pleasure in enclosing a print in case you should think it of interest to your readers.—M. ARBUTHNOT.



TREE ROOTS AND DRAIN-PIPES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed is a photograph of some pipes and the cause of their being stopped up and burst. The drain is situated between two poplar trees, and their roots completely blocked up the pipes; it was impossible for a



particle of water to run down! I am sending the picture in the hope it may prove a warning to others not to plant poplars near drains: that is, unless they want endless bother keeping them clear.—FRANCES PITT.

LAYING OUT A GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have about three-quarters of an acre of meadow land, practically a square, which I am anxious to convert into a fruit, kitchen and flower garden. I am wondering if you would be good enough to advise me as to the best way of laying this out to advantage, as I only want it for the use of my house and not for market purposes. I wish to have a pretty garden, as it faces my house, and should propose pyramid fruit trees.—P. J.

[Our correspondent, in a supplementary letter, furnishes a rough plan of the plot, but omits to mention what his tastes are concerning flowers, fruits and vegetables, nor does he give us any indication as to where the entrance to the garden is to be, or whether a lawn is desired or not, hence we can only advise in a general way. It would be of considerable assistance in queries of this description if correspondents would give the fullest possible details. We think a border 5ft. wide should run all round the laurel hedge, then a gravel path at least 3ft. wide should come next. This border might with advantage be 6ft. wide along the end where the iron railings exist. At this end some dense-growing shrubs could be planted next to the fence to shut off the road if this is desired, the front being occupied by choice herbaceous flowers; the gravel path should be continued along the front of this border. Then for about one-third of the length of the whole plot, commencing from the gravel path at the north end, we should make a lawn and carry the path across the plot at the south end of the lawn. This would form a sort of division between the flower garden and the fruit and vegetable quarters. In the lawn beds could be made and planted with roses or any other flowering plants desired, and the border all round the laurel hedge could also be utilised for flowers. Along the path that will thus divide the flower and vegetable quarters a pergola might be erected and clothed with roses, honeysuckles, clematises and similar plants. If this is not desired, a row of espalier fruit trees might be planted alongside the path on the vegetable and fruit plot to shut this off from the lawn. In this case we should plant at least 6ft. from the path, and thus leave a border in front for flowers. These espalier trees might be continued all round the vegetable and fruit plot if desired. We advise that the fruit garden be made nearest the lawn, retaining the portion adjoining the south end for a vegetable garden. If these suggestions are not suitable, perhaps our correspondent will furnish us with fuller details and state where his house is situated, and where the entrance to the garden is to be.—ED.]

GRASS AND BULBS AT KEW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could you give me any information about sowing grass with bulbs in the way one sees it at Kew? I do not mean bulbs merely planted in turf, but among rather thinly grown, longish grass. Is it a special kind of grass, and in what proportion to the bulbs should it be sown, and in what month?—E. M. P.

[The bulbs that are seen among the grass in the woodland at Kew were, in the first instance, planted there. Many of them which take kindly to such treatment multiply themselves by natural division of the bulbs and, possibly, a few by seeding. We do not think that any particular grass is used, but the bulbs are planted in whatever sort may be present. Early in April is a good time to sow grass seeds, and the turf resulting from such a sowing would be ready for planting the bulbs in next September, October or November, the earlier the better. We think our correspondent cannot do better than write to some seed firm of repute, telling them for what purpose the grass seeds are required; they will then supply a suitable mixture. It would be almost, if not quite, useless to sow the seeds of bulbs in grass; even if they grew, the young plants would take at least four or five years to reach flowering size, and the results would not prove very satisfactory.—ED.]

THE CARE OF PARROTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Amazon mentioned on February 20th most probably suffers from red mite in its cage. Take the bird out, well dust it with insect powder, particularly under the wings, hold it wrapped in a cloth for 5min., leaving the head free, and then let it loose to well shake itself. Immerse the cage



entirely in quite boiling water and see that the perches are well covered; leave it in for about 15 min., and when the cage is dry put the bird back. If the cage is covered at night put the covering also in boiling water, as the red mite will be on it. These little insects produce terrible irritation, particularly at night; they suck the blood of the bird, and give the wretched victim no rest. The cage should be done again in about three weeks, and then about every six months. By doing this I keep my birds quite free from mite. Too much hemp is very heating. Of course, the bird has fresh water daily? A piece of stick is also a good thing to give; it keeps the bird occupied and is also good for its beak.—L. T. T.

A LADIES' PARLIAMENT IN 1647.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Were our ancestors 250 years ago already agitated by a feminist movement? The delightful woodcut frontispiece, here reproduced, of a Civil War tract suggests this surprising possibility; a possibility concerning which some seventeenth century expert may perhaps be able to enlighten us. As the title-page announces, the tract contains an exact *diurnall*, or journal, of the proceedings of a feminine House of—Ladies. And these proceedings record, moreover, a most amusing trial at the Bar of the House of Prince Rupert and others for various misdemeanours. This trial is represented in the woodcut, where we see the Lady Speaker, the Clerk of the House, a male prisoner kneeling at the Bar, and other prisoners being led in under the escort of a female Sergeant-at-Arms. The *diurnall* begins by describing the meeting of the "Parliament of Ladies" early on a Monday morning in "Mary Maudlin's Hall, Oxford." After having selected Lady Oboney as Speaker, Lady Rivers as Chancellor, "Nurse Windham" as High Constable, the Countess of Derby as High Treasurer, the Countess of Essex as High Chamberlain, Mrs. Powell as Chief Clerk, and Mrs. Pele as "Chaire Lady to the Close Committee," the House agreed that all persons guilty of baseness, cowardice or treachery be brought to the Bar as delinquents. Accordingly the ladies' Sergeant-at-Arms, who, by a delightful touch, is Moll-purse, ushers in thirteen unfortunate prisoners, including Prince Rupert, Lord Henry Jermyn, Sir Richard Grenville, Lord George Digby, the Archbishop of York, Major-General Urry and others. Prince Rupert, falling on his knees, pleaded "Not guilty, most noble Amozons," to a triple charge of plundering at Edgehill, cowardice at Borstall and wilfulness at Marston Moor. Against Lord George Digby it was charged that he had proved himself a coward when he was a General, and "an Asse when he went Irish Embassador." The old Lord Cottington, though "very loathe to kneele," was forced to submit to the ruling of the House, and was charged with cowardice. The indictment against Lord Culpepper included the enticing of Prince Charles to Sicily and France. And Sir Richard Grenville was charged with having used the country so tyrannously that he estranged the hearts of many who otherwise "would have upheld Episcopacie and Common prayer, May-poles and Morrice Dancing." To which Sir Richard answered: "That he was the Ladies' humble Servant, tho' they should hang him every day." After a day spent in the examination of witnesses the House unanimously voted "Guilty" against all the prisoners, and on the day following the Ladies delivered a series of judgments ingeniously adapted to the various political offences of the delinquents. But on hearing the truly Chinese tortures allotted to them, all the prisoners burst into such "brinish teares" that the Ladies' hearts relented, and a general reprieve closes the journal. Such is the *Exact Diurnall* of the feminine Parliament of 1647; and what, one wonders, was the hitherto overlooked seventeenth century movement which would make the political squib intelligible and pointed to readers of those days of civil war and Parliamentary dominance?—G. M. G.

WHERE WILD FLOWERS GROW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE I notice a correspondent, replying to enquiries by an artist as to where wild flowers grow, mentions Woodhall Spa, Lincolnshire. I can fully endorse all that is said, and would like to add that, in addition to the list of flowers given, lilies of the valley grow wild in great profusion about the middle of May, the woods being literally carpeted with them and wild blue hyacinths. There are orchids, from palest heliotrope to deep purple, wild roses, marsh-marigolds, rose willow and a species of yellow daisy which makes wonderful patches of colour in the fields, as does also ragwort, which grows to an enormous size. In fact, it is quite one of the best centres for wild flowers I know—and I have travelled a great deal in England—there being so many varieties of rare small flowers. I think an artist would have no difficulty in obtaining permission to enter the woods.—M. C.

A SEAKALE FARM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This curious seakale farm exists on the shingle expanses known as the Crumbles, near Eastbourne. The vegetable is treated with seaweed, and is reared under discarded utensils filled with pebbles.—F. J. INNES.

PROTECTING PEAS FROM MICE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Is red lead suitable for application to pea seeds to prevent destruction by mice? If so, how should it be applied and does it have any harmful effect afterwards on the peas?—H. W. D.

[It is a common and excellent practice to coat the seeds of peas with red lead to prevent them being stolen by mice. The seeds are just made damp with water, then placed in some clean receptacle and red lead sprinkled over them, this and the damp seeds being then well shaken up together until each seed is coated with the lead. In the case of a few seeds only of a choice variety they may be better coated by damping them and then rolling them in the lead. It is necessary that the seeds be only damp, not wet. Many growers use paraffin for the damping process, as this renders the seeds still more distasteful; but we do not advise this, as there is just a possibility of its being dangerous in the hands of a novice. The water and red lead treatment is not at all injurious to the seeds of either sweet or culinary peas.—ED.]

PRIMITIVE METHODS OF OBTAINING LIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Only very old folk now living can recollect the time when the tinder-box was in use. It was made of wood or iron, and in two compartments, one to hold the tinder, and the other the steel, flint and matches. The tinder was made of half-burnt linen, which caught the sparks made by striking the steel with the flint, and the ignited tinder enabled the operator to light a match, which was made of a thin piece of pointed wood and dipped in brimstone. For a light in the evening rushes and rush candles were used. The rush used was the common one divested of the rind, only a narrow rib from top to bottom supporting the pith. The pith after preparation was then dipped or boiled in grease; sometimes a little beeswax was mixed with the grease to make the rush burn longer. The holder for the rush was made of iron, with a spring, and fixed in a wood block, but some were more artistic and made of brass. In the photograph, on the top row, there are iron rush-holders with wood stands; the small one with a piece of rush left in is of brass. On the bottom row are three tinder-boxes, in two of which can be seen some tinder which has been left in them. By the boxes are the steel, flint and matches. The lid with the loop was used for putting over the ignited tinder when done with. The lid of one box is made to take a rush candle. These interesting relics of the past are in the Curtis Museum, Alton, Hants.—JOHN BOGGUST.

An Exact Diurnall OF THE PARLIAMENT OF LADYES



Ordered by the LADYES in Parliament, That they declare that Prince Rupert, Lord Digby, Lord Capell, Lord Cottington, Dr. Williams, Mr. Walter L. Hopson, L. Culpepper, Dr. Dappes, B. G. revocable, L. Jermyn, and Major Gen. Urry, were all since Parliament granted to them by this Court

May 22



Clerks.

Printed by J. D. 1647.

